

THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD.

Office Over the First National Bank.

A correspondent, alluding to the recent failure of the Whipple Film Company, and the extravagance of manufacturing corporations in this country, as contrasted with similar concerns abroad, says:

A die manufacturer in England, employing the same capital, has not a tribe of president, secretary, etc., to pay, nor such a loss of extra interest, etc., as comes upon a company here. In fact, the highest protection barely covers the enormous expenses of such a concern over those of the foreigner.

In the year 1859, having to supply a railroad company, I visited some of the iron works in this country. I found one paying its president a salary of some \$10,000, and other employees, agents, etc., in proportion. Of its capital of \$100,000, \$40,000 had been put into buildings. Subsequently I went to England, and nearly the first iron manufacturer I saw told me that with a capital of \$150,000 himself and his son managed the whole business, and were well satisfied if they cleared six per cent., actually less than the salary of the American president. His machinery was perfect, but his buildings (mere sheds) cost but £1,000 altogether. It is against all these advantages our protective system taxes the American consumer.

The heavy decline in many lines of goods and the fall in general merchandise are having a very unsettled effect on the spring trade, and business is much more backward than had been anticipated. Many of our merchants are very much discouraged, both on account of the limited demands, and the heavy losses upon the stock in hand. They may take it for certain, we think, that this fall is not a mere fluctuation, which may take another direction in many days. It is quite sure to prove permanent, and to be followed, by and by, by further movements in the same direction. This is the legitimate course now and hereafter, and all parties might as well prepare for it. It will take from dealers a portion of the heavy profits of previous years, but it will also help to bring about a time in which the course of trade will be more steady and its results, on the whole, more satisfactory. —New York Tribune.

Soldiers and sailors who make application for bounty and back pay should be very careful with whom they trust their discharge papers. We have heard lately of several of these valuable documents that have been spirited away, no one knows whither. Since the bill for the equalization of soldiers' bounties, hundreds of people of doubtful reputation have been scattering circulars broadcast over the country, stating that the bill will soon be passed, and advising soldiers to send their papers to the writers of the circulars at once, so that the bounty can be collected as soon as the bill passes. Soldiers cannot be too careful of their papers, and in selecting agents to prosecute their claims should choose those only who are of established reputation.

The Davenporters are paying dearly for their skating parks. It will be remembered that these parks were constructed on the river by clearing away the snow, flooding the ice with water when it becomes frozen. Repeated floodings and freezing added to the thickness of the ice, and the consequence is that it is now so thick it is difficult to break up. The whole mass, about ten acres in extent, floated off in body, lodging on an island below the city, and completely blocking the channel. It now remains in that condition, and from present appearances navigation will open to that city some time before the first of July. So says a Muscatine paper.

The commissioner of Indian affairs has addressed a letter to the various superintendents, requesting the agents to furnish, as early as the first of September next, a condensed history of the tribes under their management, dating back, if practicable, to the first settlement of the country, or even beyond that period. The object of the commissioner is to embody in his next annual report a brief history of all the Indian tribes in the United States—a volume of great advantage to the government in their future policy in the management of the Indians.

Bits of gossip about the young prince imperial are floating through Paris. Here is one of them: It appears that the emperor after dinner one day proposed the health of the new president of the imperial commission for the great exhibition of 1887, and asked the prince imperial to reply. The child said he had been taken by surprise, and had not been prepared for his father's toast. The emperor said he must at least return thanks. "Well," said the prince, "all I have got to say is that I regret being too young to be of any service to French industry."

In reply to the correspondence of some invalid, *The New York Ledger* says: "The best state this side of the Pacific slope for a sick man to go to get well is Minnesota." This is a well known fact, and is becoming widely disseminated throughout the United States.

Leavenworth, Kansas, exhibits great mercantile activity for so small a place. The daily average of deposits at one of the banking houses of that city during the month of February was over six hundred and seventy six thousand dollars.

A grand ball is announced at Red Bluff, California, to raise funds to improve the graveyard.

Camp-Meeting Talk.

In August I went to camp meeting. It was on Sunday; I was piously disposed; and Lillian said she was to be there. Preaching had not begun when I got there, but promeading and private concerting were in order. I heard some of the last; the choruses were effective, but the solo parts were not well executed, so I turned away, and gave my attention to the promenade. "I lent my back unto an ark," as the Scotch fellow did in the ballad, and, as it neither bent nor broke, I was able to observe the circling throng with some minuteness. The following is a synopsis of the remarks made by the various couples, caught and recorded as they passed me. The report is as accurate as if made for a military commission. It may be depended upon, as the speakers have not called upon me to revise their remarks.

"Yes, indeed" (two girls talking, of course), "and my brother Tom says that Henry Soker brags about how many times he has kissed her right in the mouth, and she never says him at all, when nobody is by. I am sure I should die if people were to talk of me as they do about her, for—"

"Corn is up again, you know, and I shall make three hundred barrels if I make a peck, and consequently—"

"It will be impossible for me to pay it now, having so many demands upon me; but I heard from my agent last week, and he says—"

"What a spectacle, ah, this is to be sure, China! Ah, wouldn't if these people—damned poity gahl, aint she, but howdilly dressed—build their own tents, own hiwah nitch to ah do it fowah 'em! Must be a great howah to—"

"Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard ma talking about it, but you mustn't mention it for the world. It is a great secret."

"Really, now! and she's as ugly as—"

"The finest son you have ever saw, sir. Pure Chester, and she's got nine splendid pigs. And it's the best trade I ever made. I wouldn't take thirty dollars for—"

"That waterfall! Only look, Amy! Did you ever see anything like it? Oh, but wouldn't I hate to—"

"Go to the picnic on Thursday!"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Smith. You don't know how I would love to be present. I am so fond of dancing and company; but my father says—"

"I am truly gratified, my young friend, to find that you are so deeply impressed with the necessity for an immediate repentance, and I hope you will prosper."

"Ten yards of gimp for the bosom, and ever so much real lace, and oh, Emily, she'll have—"

"The finest baby you ever saw—blue eyes and brown hair, and only six weeks old, and weighs—"

"Sixty-one pounds and a quarter to the bushel. None better in the country. Free from cockles and garlic, and not a symptom of smut. I hold it at—"

"Stillopolis, next Saturday. Bob, Botheides, our congressman, is going to speak, and he says—"

"Ah, Mr. Pepper, you flatter me so! Just see how horridly Kate Wilmet is dressed. She will wear yellow, though it makes her look like—"

"Forever an agy, I believe. They've all been layed up with it, and now the poor man's got—"

"The sweetest bonnet I ever did see! Where did you get it? I must recommend mamma to your—"

"Watermelon patch. Stole every darn one. Some of 'em only 'bout half ripe. I sowed 'em all up 'em if they don't—"

"Go to the Water Cure. It's the best thing for your case, ma'am. I've seen some wonderful effects from it, indeed. Mr. Holocous was cured of—"

"Twenty-five pounds of butter a week; and always gets six cents a pound, and sometimes even—"

"Four eggs, two handfuls of flour, a dap of yeast, half a cup of molasses, with a spoonful of lard, and it makes—"

"The best manure I ever used, sir—vastly superior to guano or superphosphate. The light application of two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre raised me—"

"The handsomest woman on the ground. Her equal is not here, unless it is Kate Nolan, and she's got—"

"The spavin in both hind legs. And there's a speck in her right eye that's bound to—"

"That beautiful girl in black there. I never saw her but once before, and that was at—"

"Mr. Muggin's failure, sir. And taken to drink awfully, and only last week had—"

"His head under my arm, and was plugging him in the mouth, when he got my finger—"

"Between the 10th and 15th. I will send my wheat to market, and it will bring—"

"His grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh, indeed, it is awful to think how close she hangs on his arm! She ought to be ashamed of herself—and never saw him until—"

"William was born last April, twenty-two years ago. I am an old woman now, and my wrinkles make—"

"Heeled gaiters so becoming to—"

"The brindled steer with his—"

"Legs dangling over the back of the chair, and—"

"A brace of pheasants, roosting under—"

"A promissory note; but he won't pay it until—"

"You parboiled it, and stewed it in the juice of—"

"An old hymn book with—"

"A cupula on top, and the front door made of—"

"The finest bed of celery you ever saw, and—"

"She sleeps there every night, though I tell her she'll catch—"

"The nigger question—"

"Toot! toot—"

"It was the horn for preaching, and I saw Lillian in the distance. So good-bye. Yours faithfully, MARK TAPLEY.

Nobodys Funeral.

There is a crane on the door at No. 1111 Court. The sun is shining as brightly as a March day in Chicago ever permits. The mud is not dried up, and from 1111 Court you can see a stagnant pool of water where a wandering miserably goose is debating whether to attempt a swim. There is a number of many and worthless looking dogs lazily about from door-steps and side-walks, too listless to bark, and too cowardly to bite. There is the air of a neighborhood of poor people, and you can see the three balls of the pawn-broker's on Clark Street, very plainly from the left hand side of 1111 Court.

Who is that entering the house with the bit of black crape on the door-knob? You see, too plainly, it is the undertaker, for the coffin was taken in the door a few minutes ago. He is a quiet man, with rather a kind face, and has himself known how hard it is to battle with the world.

He ascends the stair-case and enters the upper room. It is there on the bed, how plain it looks. No more pain, privation, and pinching want. No more visits to the turnpike gate to ruin—those three golden balls. No more anguished nerves and feverish thoughts. The struggle is over—the battle is fought, well or ill. The result is eternal, it is infinite.

"Now, had you not better go down stairs, little one?" says the undertaker, kindly to the frail form that sits so quietly at the foot of the bed. You would fancy she were dreaming, but for a quivering of the lips, and a trembling of the tiny hand. She can barely be in her teens.

"No, no, please do not make me leave him. I shall have him but a little while, and he loved me so much."

The body is lifted into the coffin, and the fair fingers lovingly smooth the hair, so messy, so glossy even in death. The coffin is taken to the little sitting room below, and every step seems to be treading upon the weary little heart of the orphaned girl.

The undertaker and his man leave her alone with her dead. She wishes only this. On the morrow she will have him no more. Oh, she does not think of that time when her father's face shall be hid from her sight forever, and the luxury of grief must be silenced in the noise of the shop and that horrid engine making its remorseless revolutions.

Day goes by and deepens into night, and it is late when a kind, rough woman leads her gently to bed, and relieves her watch. To bed but not sleep. She is audible and visible with a myriad of business of a child's great woe.

To the world he had been nobody. To her he was everything. Whatever he had been to others, even at his worst estate, he had always been kind to her, and when the hand trembled or the eyes told the story of his pain, there was yet the same smile of welcome when she came to his arms.

Day dawns; the sun mounts to the meridian, and there are but three hours more. No preparations to make, no guests to offend, no carriages to be filled by mourners, no newspaper paragraphs, nothing, nobody but herself, the undertaker, a clergyman, and a few of the neighbors, who come out of pure charity. God bless them for it!

The hour comes, the prayers are ready, and he is taken away. The coffin closes she takes one last look, one parting kiss, and he is gone forever. No. Nothing is lost. There is a meaning in Nobodys funeral.—Post.

The Skill of the Gaucho.

The skill and endurance of the gaucho in the management of horses is very remarkable. One of these men is reported to have stood on the transverse bar, which crosses over the gate of a corral, and dropped down upon the back of a horse, whilst the animal, in company with several others, without bridle or saddle, was at full gallop out of the enclosure. What made the feat more adroit was the fact of his having permitted a looker on to select the horse for him to bestride before the whole lot were driven out. The endurance of the gaucho is also striking, and I have been told of a man well known at Buenos Ayres having ridden a distance of seventy leagues—that is to say, 210 miles—in one day to that city. Señor Don Carlos Hurtado, Buenos Ayres, informs me that the great gaucho game, in which the famous Rosas was so proficient, was what is called *el piador*, that is catching horses by lessening their feet. (The ordinary mode of doing this round the neck is called *la caña*.) Two lines of horse—each from ten paces to twenty paces apart—are placed at a distance so far apart as to allow a mounted gaucho to pass between them. The man is to gallop as fast as he can from one end to the other—in fact to run the gauntlet. Every horseman in the lines between who passes is furnished with a lasso. As he gallops up to the end of the line, the first lasso is thrown; should it miss him the second is cast, and so on. The dexterity evinced by the watchfulness of men able to throw in such rapid succession after a horse which is galloping, whilst they are standing, is truly expert. At length the horse is penned, and down he falls as if he were shot. And now the activity of the gaucho is displayed; for he comes on his feet without any injury, smoking his cigarette as when he lighted it at the starting post.

The purity of taste is a quality of the gaucho, it is a feeling which can with little difficulty be acquired by the refinement of intelligence; whereas purity of manners is the result of wise habits, in which all the interests of the soul are mingled and in harmony with the progress of intelligence. That is why the harmony of good taste and of good manners is more common than the existence of taste without manners, or of manners without taste.

Courtship in Greenland.

There is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally, women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenland, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and, if the parties thus far are agreed, the next proceeding is to appoint two female negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the intentions of their mission. Instead of doing this, they launch out to praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptuousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in catching seals, and other accomplishments.

The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadors, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with disheveled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the destined union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposals of marriage—in others, they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled to do so by hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sign that she is determined to resist to the death.

All this appears so unnatural to us that we seek for the reason of such an apparent violation of the first principles of human nature. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery, and privation; and if he die, she and her children have no resources against starvation. The married state is a miserable condition, while widowhood is a still more appalling fate.

It is somewhat interesting and curious to trace the history of coffee, now such a common breakfast beverage in almost every country, and see how it came into use. At the landing of Columbus, coffee had never been used, and was only known as existing in Upper Ethiopia and Arabia. It is claimed that the superior of a monastery in Arabia first made use of coffee by making the monks drink an infusion of it to keep them awake while attending to their nocturnal services. The Arabian shepherds had reported that when they sheared the fruit of the coffee plant they became more active; hence the experiment upon the monks, which proved successful, and its reputation then spread through all the adjacent countries. In the year 1714 a single plant was introduced into Paris, which was the origin of all the French productions. It was introduced by the Dutch, and the East Indies by the Dutch. The French and Spaniards spread it through South America and the West Indies. The consumption of coffee has now become very great. Before the rebellion, from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars' worth was consumed in the United States alone.

Coffee has been so long and so extensively used, and by every class of people, that it is hard to give it up; but the present great price it demands has compelled people to take up with substitutes. Chicory, of late, has come into quite common use, and but very little prepared coffee is sold now, but its best flavor is chicory. This root is cultivated the same as the carrot. They may be dug in the fall or early in the spring before they sprout, and should be washed, sliced, and dried, the same as apples, then burned and roasted as coffee. At those wishing to try chicory as a substitute, or to mix with coffee, would do well to raise a bed and try the experiment.

Rye and coffee burned alike and mixed half and half makes a good beverage, and one scarcely knows but that it was pure coffee.

Curious Calculation.

Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occupied by the whole population now living on the globe if congregated together; and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have been even doubtful whether such a number of human beings could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now taking the present population of the earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to the conclusion—that the smallest county of New York State would afford sitting room for all the men, women, and children now alive on earth; and that a number of human beings, equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of the largest county of that state.

A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have filled silent graves. Often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and their tears of sympathy which fell with theirs, now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and cherish them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles!

Woolen Clothing.

The most healthy clothing for our climate, the year round, is that made of wool. If worn next to the skin by all classes, in summer as well as winter, an incalculable amount of coughs, colds, diarrheas, dysenteries, and fevers would be prevented, as also many sudden and premature deaths from croup, diphtheria and lung diseases. Winter maladies would be prevented by the ability of a woolen garment to keep the natural heat about the body more perfectly, instead of conveying it away as fast as generated, as linen and flax garments do; as also cotton and silk, although these are less cooling than Irish linen, as any one can prove by noticing the different degrees of coldness on the application of a surface of six inches square of flannel, cotton, and linen to the skin, the moment the clothing is removed. The reason is that wool is a bad conductor of heat, the linen is a good conductor.

It is more healthy to wear woolen next to the skin in summer, because it absorbs the moisture of perspiration so rapidly as to keep the skin measurably dry all the time. It is curious that the water is conveyed by a woolen garment from the surface of the body to the outer side of the garment, where the microscope shows it condensed in millions of pearly drops; while it is in the experience of the observer that when a linen shirt becomes damp by perspiration, it remains cold and clammy for a long time afterwards; and unless removed will cause some bodily ailment.

In the night-sweats of consumption, or of any debilitated condition of the system, a woolen flannel night-dress is immeasurably more comfortable than cotton or linen, because it prevents that sepulchral dampness and chilliness of feeling, which are otherwise inevitable.

The British government makes it imperative that every sailor in the navy shall wear woolen flannel shirts in the hottest climates. The shrinkage of woolen garments in washing, whereby they become hard, impervious, and board-like, has prevented their more general use; but there are three ways of preventing this to a greater or less extent; either let about one-fourth of the material be made of cotton; have it dyed red, or, if it is greatly preferred that it shall be white, exercise proper care in the washing of woolens. To prevent white woolen stockings from shrinking, have woolen stretchers made of the size and general shape of the foot, and let the stockings remain on them until perfectly dried; or, before rinsing the stockings, double it so as to fold at the heel and lay the foot on the leg, then roll it tight, and wring it crosswise.

In washing all woolen garments, put them in very hot soap-suds-water, so as to be covered; then, when cool enough to allow the hands to be put in, simply press it about with the fingers or hands, and before taking the garment out, make the water for rinsing several degrees hotter than that from which it is to be taken, or twisting of wringing the water out, or twisting it about the water, and down a good many times, and then lay it over a line and let it drip dry; this process will, to a considerable extent, prevent fulling or shrinkage, and is worthy of being communicated to every person who expects to be a house-keeper.

Meat for Children.

A physician gives us some sensible philosophical suggestions on this subject. Whether our readers agree with him or not, it will do no harm if they think of the matter a little: "Parents who give their children, under ten or twelve years of age, a meat diet, commit a vital error. The great mortality among children of tender age, is, in my opinion, mainly attributable to ignorance on this point. A healthy infant or child glows with animal heat. His little vital machinery, fresh from the ingenious hands of nature, is full of life, electricity, and animation. At birth his palpitating little heart contracts from 136 to 144 times per minute. At the age of three his pulse is above ninety, while that of an adult averages seventy-five. Is it not, then, manifestly wrong to give him a stimulating diet? In rigid winters, the indigent mother sometimes freezes to death; not so the baby in her arms. We cannot call to remembrance some instance in illustration of this remark. The fact is, to speak electrically, children are in a positive condition; they are full of vital electricity; to augment in them that active element is simply to inflame the blood and render them susceptible to positive diseases. What I mean as positive diseases are fevers, bowel complaints, croup, water on the brain, etc. Hence their diet should be plain and nutritious; not stimulant. Vegetable food is the best adapted to the nourishment of their little bodies, and keeps their blood pure and healthful, while flesh generates large quantities of carbonic acid gas, which contains 72 parts of oxygen in 100."

Canaries may be taught to sing entire tunes by means of a flagolet or bird organ, in the following manner: In ten or twelve days, when he begins to feed himself, or sooner if he begins to sing, let the cage be covered with a thin linen cloth eight days, then take the instrument and play one tune five or six times a day for fifteen days, then remove the linen cloth and substitute a green or red one of thick material. He must remain covered up in this way until he is perfect in the air you wish him to learn. During this time it is best to put in his feed at night, that his attention may not be divided. The organ should be sweet toned, as they copy with exactness. Some learn in two, and others in six months. This makes a bird a great favorite, and of course, valuable.

The flesh of fowls is much more tender if kept a couple of days after killing, before it is cooked. The fowl should be kept fasting twelve or fifteen hours before it is killed.

AGRICULTURAL.

Culture of Broom Corn.

Broom corn, like other grain raised by the farmer, must have good attention to insure a good crop, and it is necessary to have the ground where you intend to plant it in good condition. My plan is this:—If the field has been under cultivation for any length of time plow the ground as deeply as possible, and immediately after plowing, give it a good rolling; this not only leaves the land in a smoother condition, but also breaks up the clods which, if left as when plowed, would throw the drill out and you would have the seed sown irregularly; this should be avoided if possible, for it is a great advantage to have all the broom corn break ground as near the same time as possible; for by this means, all the corn comes up at once and is not liable to be smothered out. It also necessary that great care should be used in the selection of seed; I always save my own seed, and by this means am always sure of its coming up.

I plant as soon as I can in the spring; some, however, do not plant until very late, and they say they have just as good brush as I do, but I am not so sure of it. My reason for wishing to plant early is this; those brush stalks that are not ripe when I cut the first time have a chance to get ripe, while if you wait and not plant until late, they do not have a chance to get ripe before the frost, which of course spoils all that is not cut.

In the cultivation of broom corn, great care should be used and not a weed allowed to grow among it; if this is not done, the corn does not brush well; and besides this, it does not get ripe so soon as corn that is free from weeds. Where the ground on which you plant broom corn is new breaking it should be planted as early as possible, and should be planted as you would plant sod corn; with this exception, it can be drilled in, instead of planted by hand. Very good crops are raised on the sod. —Cor. Prairie Farmer.

Quick Sprouting of Onions.

"How is it that you raise so large and nice onions?" I asked of an Iowa farmer as I was sitting at the table with him, and observing some on the table.

"Well," said he, "I sprout the seed with boiling water, and then plant it in good ground."

"Sprout the seed in boiling water?" I exclaimed, inquiringly. "What do you mean, sir, by that? Won't boiling water kill the seed?"

"Not at all," he replied; "but it will sprout them in one minute's time."

"It will? It looks incredible!" I replied with surprise.

"If you try it," he replied, "when the time comes to plant, you'll find it just as I tell you."

And, sure enough, when spring came and my neighbor was planting his onion seed, I happened to be present, and said:

"Jewell, there was a man in Iowa told me last winter that pouring boiling water on onion would sprout it in one minute. Suppose you try it."

"Very well," said he, and taking the boiling tea kettle from the stove he poured some of the water on the seed which he had in a saucer.

Looking closely at it for a moment he exclaimed: "My conscience! You have told me rightly. Only look there!"

I looked and beheld the little sprouts about as large as horse hairs sprouting out of the open ends of the seeds. He did not retain the water on the seed above three seconds, and in less than one-half minute after it was poured off the sprouts were projecting from the seed.

My Iowa friend assured me that this process would advance the growth of the onions from two to three weeks beyond the ordinary method of planting without sprouting. Try this method, gardeners and farmers.—*Dollar Weekly*.

Raising Cayenne Pepper.

I send you a few pods of Cayenne pepper in this sheet. I had supposed they could not be raised in this country. From one plant last summer I had twelve hundred and sixty-three pods, mostly ripe. Many people called to see it, and all pronounced it the handsomest ornamental plant they had ever seen. Three hundred and forty-two was the most I had ever raised from one plant before. This kind, and this only, is what I raise for my family use, and I have raised but one plant in a season. They must be kept clear of frost at all times until you are done with them the second year. My women take care of them the first season.

The way we manage them 'has been to take a crock that is widest at the top, fill it with rich earth, put the seeds about an inch deep; as we generally sow them in March, they have to be kept where it is moderately warm. When they come up and get to growing, pull up all but one plant, then manage them as you would other house plants until the next spring, when the ground becomes warm enough to set them out in the garden. Spade deep, and mix in plenty of hog and hen manure. On the north and west sides I drive stakes, and put up boards to keep cold winds off. Tend well, and if you have good luck, by midsummer you will begin to have a handsome plant.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

The leaves of the elder, if strawed among corn or other grain, when it is put into the bin, will effectually preserve it from the ravages of the weevil. The juice will also kill bed-bugs and maggots. Insects never touch elder bushes. The leaves of the elder squashed over cabbages, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shields them.

Take care of the plow. While they are idle during the winter, see that they are well cleaned.

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A CARD TO INVALIDS—A Cuban man, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a simple remedy for the cure of weakness, early decay, disease of the urinary and seminal organs, and the train of disorders brought on by and vicious habits. Great numbers have already cured by this noble

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 Prompted by a desire to benefit the
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 a sealed envelope, to any one who
 it, free of charge.
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AND NOT SUFFER that horrible
to hasten its poisonous fangs into you
disfigure your face and body, be-
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in life. He has made

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Diseases of the urinary and genital systems—new and reliable treatment. Also the Bridal Chamber, an experienced nurse, a warning and instruction, sent in envelopes, free of charge. Address: J. Skillin Houghton, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views
Of these we have an immense assortment and can supply **ANY VIEW OF THE WAR.**

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Fredericksburgh,
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100 in Colombia	100 in Cuba	650 State of Mexico
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CHARLES B. LOWELL.

General Land Agent, Civil Engineer,
County Surveyor of Dakota County
in Gardner's stone block, corner
Street and Levee.
Hastings, March 20, 1866.

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promptly executed at THE
Job Office. Call and examine
Orders by mail carefully filled.

THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

VOLUME V.—NO. 52.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1866.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD.



TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, 1866.

How is it.

During the war, we were told by the "loyal" men in this country, "patriots and traitors," and that all those who didn't sneeze when the "administration" took snuff belonged to the latter class. How is it now? Do they believe that all who are opposed to President Johnson are traitors? If it was treason three months ago to oppose the administration, is it treason now? President Johnson says that the leaders of the late "union" party, such as Sumner, Stevens, and Phillips, are traitors, a fact the democratic party knew long ago and which we claimed during the whole war. The question now is, is Andy Johnson the "government" or not? Will our loyal neighbors of the Conservative and Independent union use? We pause for an answer.—Union.

Such questions are easily answered. Our cotemporary was truly informed that during the war there could not be but two parties, "patriots and traitors," and that those who stood by the government in its desperate efforts to crush out treason and rebellion were the loyal men of the time. Those who sympathized with the south; those who persistently discouraged enlistments, and opposed each and every method of raising money and means wherewith to pay, clothe, and equip our armies; those who secretly rejoiced over our defeats and covered their faces in sorrow at our victories,—those and such as those were traitors at heart, even as much so as the veriest rebels in christendom.

The war is now virtually over. The "confederates" have laid down their arms, and sued for peace. The voice of our noble president is stilled in death by the hand of an assassin—none the less so because a democrat—and Andrew Johnson thus becomes the executive head of the government. What has he done?

He has granted pensions without number to persons worthy of death. He has admitted to his confidence and accepted as advisers the rankest secessionists of the land.

He has vetoed the freedman's bureau and the civil rights bills against the wishes of a majority of congress and his constituents.

He has disregarded in every way and manner the principles of the party which placed him in power, and which he was pledged to carry out to the letter.

He has done all in his power to render our unparalled sacrifice of men and treasure for naught.

For such acts the loyal denunciation and the disloyal men uphold him. If there is any capital to be made by claiming to support such a head of our government, the democratic party is entirely welcome to it. Such a course is in keeping with their record for the past five years, and dictated by the same spirit that deliberately pronounced the war a failure, and that we could never conquer the south. It is our opinion that congress is an important branch of our general government, which Mr. Lincoln had to back him in his official acts, but in which Mr. Johnson finds some little difficulty in obtaining an endorsement of his great "policy."

The Connecticut Election.

All hail to Connecticut! Nobly has she spoken in defense of the union and the constitution. Joseph R. Hawley, the union nominee, received one thousand majority over James E. English, the democratic candidate. The issue in that state between the president and congress has been decided, and for the right. The copperhead plans, backed up by the executive power and patronage, have been frustrated. The country is safe, and congress will be sustained by the people.

The Civil Rights Bill.

The senate, on the 6th inst., passed the civil rights bill over the president's veto, by an emphatic majority of thirty-three to fifteen. It was to have been taken up in the house on Monday, where it will undoubtedly pass by a still stronger vote. This fact alone sufficiently answers our cotemporary's question, "Is Andy Johnson the government or not?" Yes, we guess not.

Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside was elected governor of Rhode Island on the 4th inst. by a majority of over five thousand. The whole republican ticket was carried with little opposition.

The expenses of the treasury department, on account of the war and navy departments, for the quarter ending March, 31st, were as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT.
January, - - - - - \$25,251,936
February, - - - - - 15,401,385
March, - - - - - 8,008,981

NAVY DEPARTMENT.
January, - - - - - \$3,547,734
February, - - - - - 3,032,006
March, - - - - - 4,583,044

The one million increase in the navy expenses for March was occasioned by large remittances abroad for the use of vessels on foreign stations.

The Reconstructionist, Mrs. Swishelm's paper in Washington, has been discontinued. She writes to *The N. Y. Tribune* that "opposing the administration and employing female compositors has heaped the way with difficulties almost insurmountable, and which have quite worn out my strength." Added to her other troubles was a deliberate attempt to set her office and dwelling on fire, which was frustrated by the fire being discovered by a servant, who was up later than usual.

The Pioneer of the 8th, in speaking of our cotemporary, says: "It makes a decidedly handsome appearance, and, if it continues as it commences, will be decidedly the best news paper in Dakota County." Taking into consideration the fact that fourteen of its twenty-one columns of reading matter were printed in *The Pioneer* office, St. Paul, it will easily be seen where the blow hard comes in. Try again.

Honor to whom Honor.

In our rejoicing over the decision just rendered by the supreme court giving the right of suffrage to persons of color, we must not forget to award the praise which is due to the democratic party in the premises. At the time the question was voted upon the state was under a democratic rule, Nelson Dewey being governor, and it was a democratic legislature that submitted the question to the decision of a popular verdict. There were only one or two thoroughly anti-slavery papers at that time published in the state, and the term radical was unknown in the political vocabulary. It is true that the democratic party has fallen from grace since those better days, and has returned to caliphdom like a dog to his vomit; yet the honor or doing one just act should not be denied in these days of its disgrace and degeneracy. So, if our fellow citizens of African descent feel like getting up a public demonstration to manifest the pleasure which all must feel on account of their political emancipation, we trust they will not so far forget what is due to the true history, or prove themselves so ungrateful to their benefactors, as not to openly thank the survivors of the late democratic party for the great boon of enfranchisement. If their joy should break out in the shape of a serenade, they must not blunder upon the residence of some radical, but let them assemble about the dwelling of one of their ancient democratic friends, and soothe his slumber with a glad refrain of their anthem of liberty.—*Glensville, (Wis.) Gazette.*

A Man of Mark.

"Talking about contracts," said Stunner, with whom we were conversing on the street, yesterday, "that was a rich incident that lawyer B— relates as coming under his observation, while traveling in an adjoining county, a short time since. B— had occasion to make out a contract, between a planter—one of the 'scions of chivalry' you know, landed proprietor, etc.—and a colored laborer. Having commenced with 'Know all men,' and gone through in legal form to 'Hereunto set his hands and seals,' the lawyer called upon the parties for their signatures. Planter seemed confused, hesitated, stammered, and finally 'reckoned he would have to make his mark.' Turning to the freedman, says B—, 'shall I mark for you, also?' 'No, Sah, if you please, I've gwine to sign,' and he did 'sign,' in a bold and legible manner, his name in full. I tell you," continued Stunner, "that planter is a man of mark. What a depraved, ignorant set these niggers are."—*Memphis Post.*

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company will pay a sixty per cent dividend on all premiums of the year ending Jan. 31st, 1866, except on short-term policies. The directors have determined to issue \$25,000 policies on first-class lives to make their ordinary life policies non-forfeiting and to offer non-forfeiting endowment policies on terms much more advantageous to the insured than heretofore. The adoption of these features will increase the public confidence—if any increase is possible—in this long established, thoroughly tried, economically managed, and highly successful company.—*Baltimore Underwriter.*

Geo. S. Mesbur has been appointed general western agent of the Lorillard Fire, of New York, with headquarters at Chicago. Mr. Mesbur is an experienced underwriter, and a courteous and honorable gentleman.—*Baltimore Underwriter.*

A company from England, with a capital of \$2,000,000, are starting a factory in Toronto.

The Civil Rights Bill.

We give below the civil rights bill, as it passed both houses of congress:

Sec. 1. That all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are hereby declared to be citizens, of every race and color, without regard to any previous condition of slavery or involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall have the same right in every state and territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue and to be sued, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishment, pains, and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. 2. And that any person who, under color of any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom, shall subject, or cause to be subjected, any inhabitant of any state or territory to the deprivation of any right secured or protected by this act, or to punishment, pains, or penalties on account of such person having at any time been held in a condition of slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, or by reason of his color or race, than is prescribed for the punishment of white persons, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. That the district courts of the United States within their respective districts shall have, exclusively of the courts of the several states, cognizance of all crimes and offenses committed against the provisions of this act, and also concurrently with the circuit courts of the United States, of all cases, civil and criminal, affecting persons who are denied or cannot enforce in the courts of judicial tribunals of the state or locality where they may be, any of the rights secured to them by the first section of this act; and if any suit or prosecution, civil or criminal, has been or shall be commenced in any state court against any such person for any cause whatever, civil or military, or other person, for any arrest or imprisonment, trespass or wrongs done or committed by virtue or under color of authority derived from this act, or the act establishing a bureau for the relief of freedmen and refugees, and all acts amendatory thereof, or for refusing to do any act upon the ground that it would be inconsistent with this act, such defendant shall have the right to remove such case for trial to the proper district or circuit court, in the manner prescribed by the act relating to *habeas corpus* and regulating judicial proceedings in certain cases, approved March 3, 1865, and all acts amendatory thereof, the jurisdiction in civil and criminal matters hereby conferred on the district and circuit courts of the United States, shall be exercised and enforced in conformity with the laws of the United States, so far as such laws are suitable to carry the same into effect; but in all cases where such laws are not adapted to the object, or are deficient in the provisions necessary to furnish suitable remedies and punish offenses against law, the common law shall be extended by the constitution and statutes of the state wherein the court having jurisdiction of the cause, civil or criminal, is held, so far as the same is not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the United States, shall be extended to and govern said courts in the trial and disposition of such cause; and if of a criminal nature, in the infliction of punishment on the party found guilty.

Sec. 4. That the district attorneys, marshals, and deputy marshals of the United States, the commissioners appointed by the circuit and territorial courts of the United States, the officers and agents of the freedmen's bureau, and any other officer who may be specially empowered by the president of the United States, shall, and any are hereby specially authorized and required, at the expense of the United States, to institute proceedings against all and every person who shall violate the provisions of this act, and cause him or them to be arrested and imprisoned, or bailed, as the case may be, for trial before such court of the United States or territorial court as by this act has cognizance of the offense; and with a view to affording reasonable protection to all persons in their constitutional rights of equality before the law, without distinction of race or color, or previous conditions of slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and to the prompt discharge of the duties of this act, it shall be the duty of the circuit courts of the United States, and the superior courts of the territories of the United States, from time to time, to increase the number of commissioners, so as to afford a speedy and convenient means for the arrest and examination of persons charged with a violation of this act.

Sec. 5. That such commissioners shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the judges of the circuit and district courts of the United States and the judges of the superior courts of the territories, severally and collectively, in term time and vacation, upon satisfactory proof being made, to issue warrants and precepts for arresting and bringing before them all offenders against the provisions of this act, and, on examination, to discharge, admit to bail or commit to trial, as the facts may warrant.

Sec. 6. That such commissioners are hereby authorized and required to exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred on them by this act, and the same duties with regard to offenses created by this act as they are authorized by law to exercise with regard to other offenses against the laws of the United States; that it shall be the duty of all marshals and deputy marshals to obey and execute all warrants and precepts issued under the provisions of this act, when to them directed; and should any marshal or deputy marshal refuse to receive such warrant or other process when tendered, or to use all proper means diligently to execute the same, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of one thousand dollars, to the use of the person upon whom the accused is alleged to have committed the offense; and the better to execute the said commissions to execute their duties faithfully and efficiently, in conformity with the constitution of the United States and the requirements of this act, they are hereby authorized and empowered, within their counties respectively, to appoint in writing, under their hands, any one or more suitable persons, from time to time, to execute such warrants and other process as may be issued by them in the lawful performance of their respective duties; and the persons so appointed to execute any warrant or process as aforesaid shall have authority to summon and call to their aid the bystanders or posse comitatus of the proper county, or such portion of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia, as may be necessary to the performance of the duty which they are charged to do, and to insure a faithful observance of the clause of the constitution which prohibits slavery, in conformity with the provisions of this act; and said warrants anywhere in the state or territory within which they are issued.

Sec. 7. That any person who shall knowingly and willfully obstruct, hinder, or prevent any officer or other person charged with the execution of any warrant or process issued under the provisions of this act, or any person or persons lawfully assisting him or them, from arresting any person for whose apprehension such warrant or process may have been issued, or shall rescue or attempt to rescue such person from the custody of the officer, other person or persons, or those lawfully assisting as aforesaid, when so arrested pursuant to the authority herein given and declared, or shall aid, abet, or assist any person so arrested, directly or indirectly, to escape from the custody of the officer or person legally authorized as aforesaid, or shall harbor or conceal any person, for whose arrest a warrant or process shall have been issued as aforesaid, so as to prevent his discovery and arrest, after notice and knowledge of the fact that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of such person, shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars and imprisonment not exceeding six months, by indictment and conviction before the district court of the United States for the district in which the said offense may have been committed, or before the proper court of criminal jurisdiction, if committed within any one of the organized territories of the United States.

Sec. 8. That the district attorneys, the marshals, their deputies, and the clerks of the said district and territorial courts, shall be paid for their services the like fees as may be allowed to them for similar services in other cases, and in all cases where the proceedings are before a commissioner, he shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars, in full, for his services in each case, exclusive of all expenses incident to such arrest and examination. The person or persons authorized to execute the process to be issued by such commissioners for the arrest of such offenders against the provisions of this act, shall be entitled to a fee of five dollars for each person before or after they are arrested and taken before such commissioner as aforesaid, with such other fees as may be deemed reasonable by such commissioner for such other additional services as may be necessarily performed by him or them, such as attending at the examination, keeping the prisoner in custody and providing him with food and lodging during his detention, and until the final determination of such commissioner, and in general for performing such other duties as may be required in the premises, such fees to be made up in conformity with the fees usually charged by the officers of the courts of justice within the proper district or county, as near as may be practicable, and paid out of the treasury of the United States, on the certificate of the judge of the district within which the arrest is made, and to be recoverable from the defendant as part of the judgment, in case of conviction.

Sec. 9. That whenever the president of the United States shall have reason to believe that offenses have been or are likely committed against the provisions of this act within any judicial district, it shall be lawful for him, in his discretion, to direct the judge, marshal, and district attorney of such district to attend at such place and such time as he may designate, for the purpose of the more speedy arrest and trial of persons charged with a violation of this act, and it shall be the duty of every judge, or other officer, when any such requisition shall be received by him, to attend at the time and place, and for the time therein designated.

Sec. 10. That it shall be lawful for the president of the United States, or such persons as he may empower for that purpose, to employ such part of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia, as shall be necessary to prevent the violation and enforce the due execution of this act.

Sec. 11. That upon all questions of law arising in any cause under the provisions of this act a final appeal may be taken to the supreme court of the United States.

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State News.
A. G. Foster, county auditor, has received notice not to extend the five per cent penalty as required by the law passed by the legislature last winter. The law not being passed early enough to allow the people to become acquainted with its provisions.—*Wabasha Herald.*

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
FOR RENT.—A TWO STORY HOUSE in N. Hastings, with seven rooms, good cistern, stables for horse and cow, with fine garden, and fifteen acres of land, and joining. Rent \$500 per year for house and \$5 per acre for the number of acres rented. A good location for a garden. Apply to ANTHONY REED, N. Hastings, April 7, 1866. 62-4w

MANUFACTURERS OF REVOLVERS, RIFLES, muskets, and carbines, for the U. S. service. Also, pocket and belt revolvers, repeating rifles, rifle carbines, revolving rifles, rifle and shot gun barrels, and gun materials sold by gun dealers and the trade generally.

In these days of housebreaking and robbery, every house, store, bank, and office should have on hand the "Remington Revolver."

Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the new Remington revolvers. Circulars containing full and complete description of our arms will be furnished upon application.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, Lion, N. Y. Moore & Nichols, Agents, 62-4w No. 40 Courtland St., New York.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DISTRICT COURT, first judicial district.—County of Dakota.

Fifty cents internal revenue stamp.—George Esterly, plaintiff, against Steam Packet Company, defendant.—Summons: The state of Minnesota to the above named defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which has been filed in the office of the clerk of said court, at Hastings, Dakota County, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned at the office of the city of Hastings, Dakota County, Minnesota, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will have his damages assessed by a jury, or the amount he is entitled to be ascertained by the court, or under its direction, and take judgment for the amount so assessed or ascertained.

Hastings, April 6, 1866. CLARET & OROSKY, Plf's Att'ys., 62-5w Hastings, Minn.

QUARTERLY REPORT of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Hastings, Monday, April 8, 1866.

Assets and Liabilities.
Assets.
Notes and discounts, \$102,218 82
Overdrafts, 2,125 16
Banks, 1,449 30
Expenses and taxes, 650 00
Remittances and other cash items, 3,016 16
Due from national banks, 14,472 30
Due from state banks, 2,120 40
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, 20,000 00
Other U. S. bonds, 2,000 00
National and state circulation, 1,100 00
Specie, 2,000 00
Cash on hand, 1,000 00
Total, \$225,596 79
Liabilities.
Capital stock paid in, \$100,000 00
Surplus funds, 1,449 30
Circulation, 75,000 00
Individual deposits, 15,766 22
Due national banks, 8,983 82
Due bank of Hastings, 3,500 00
State bank circulation outstanding, 2,000 00
Discount, 1,100 00
Exchange, 1,000 00
Profit and loss account, 8,296 28
Total, \$225,596 79

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Due national banks, 8,983 82
Due bank of Hastings, 3,500 00
State bank circulation outstanding, 2,000 00
Discount, 1,100 00
Exchange, 1,000 00
Profit and loss account, 8,296 28
Total, \$225,596 79

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DISTRICT COURT, first judicial district.—County of Dakota.

Fifty cents internal revenue stamp.—George Esterly, plaintiff, against Steam Packet Company, defendant.—Summons: The state of Minnesota to the above named defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which has been filed in the office of the clerk of said court, at Hastings, Dakota County, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned at the office of the city of Hastings, Dakota County, Minnesota, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will have his damages assessed by a jury, or the amount he is entitled to be ascertained by the court, or under its direction, and take judgment for the amount so assessed or ascertained.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

PERSONAL.—The Hon. CHAS. McCURR, district judge, was in town this morning, on his way to hold a term of court in Stillwater.

NOTICE.—The Rev. F. A. NOBLE, of St. Paul, will preach at the Presbyterian Church every evening this week, commencing to-night.

COTILLION PARTY.—The Hastings Cotillion Club will give a party at Teutonia Hall on Friday evening. Members of the club are invited to be present.

THE RIVER.—The levee at the present writing is open, but above and below the ice is apparently firm, and several days must elapse before the gorges in the bend and at Point Douglas will succumb to the enormous pressure. Last year the ice went out on the 1st, and a boat went up from Prescott on the 2d.

THE DAKOTA COUNTY UNION.—Another candidate for public favor made its appearance on Wednesday, entitled as above, ALEX. JOHNSON editor and proprietor. It is printed entirely on new type, and presents a creditable appearance. Of course it supports the president, and has the county patronage to back it. We shall see what we shall see. ALEX. is a good fellow generally, and is able to send out a live paper.

PROTRACTED MEETINGS.—The daily evening meetings at the Presbyterian Church are still kept up, and considerable interest appears to be awakened in the community. The Rev. F. A. NOBLE, of the House of Bishops, at St. Paul, preached a series of sermons for upwards of two weeks, which attracted large attendance. His discourses were of a high order, and well adapted for the occasion. Mr. Noble has few equals as a pulpit orator in the state.

CLOSE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.—To the Editor of The Conserver: There will be an examination of the public schools of this city at the Twelfth school-house, on Thursday and Friday of this week, viz: Miss McFOTON's department, on Thursday, from 3 p. m. to 4.30.

Mrs. PARRIS and Miss TURNBULL's department, on Friday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Mr. and Mrs. HASELTINE's department, from 1.30 to 4.30 p. m. All friends and patrons of the school are respectfully invited to be present.

G. S. HASELTINE, Superintendent. Hastings, April 13, 1866.

THE CITY ELECTION.—The election last Tuesday was closely contested, and resulted in the election of Dr. J. E. FRYN by a majority of twelve. We append the result by wards:

Candidates.	6th.	2d.	3d.	Total.
For Mayor, Mark Willson.	24	108	112	244
For City Clerk, John A. Morton.	10	114	82	206
For Aldermen, A. E. Rich.	41	—	—	41
A. J. Short.	38	—	—	38
Chas. Strauss.	128	—	—	128
C. C. Righter.	108	—	—	108
R. Latta.	111	—	—	111
J. F. Norrish.	90	—	—	90
O. S. Taylor.	96	—	—	96
C. Johnson.	95	—	—	95
For Police Justice, D. Barker.	47	86	115	248
O. T. Hayes.	38	129	65	232
For Justice, C. W. Crosby.	31	193	176	400
P. Hartshorn.	17	62	80	159
A. P. Fitch.	66	138	110	314
For Constables, E. S. Fitch.	82	209	182	473
L. G. Hamilton.	88	106	111	305
J. Minker.	50	108	62	220
For School Inspectors, L. Van Slyke.	77	—	—	77
E. Eichhorn.	78	—	—	78
F. M. Crosby.	217	—	—	217
G. S. Winslow.	206	—	—	206
Seagrave Smith.	192	—	—	192
P. T. Chamberlain.	191	—	—	191

The officers elected are as follows: Mayor.—J. E. Fitch. City Clerk.—J. A. Morton. Aldermen.—A. E. Rich, Chas. Strauss, R. Latta, and O. S. Taylor. Police Justice.—D. Barker. Justices of the Peace.—C. W. Crosby and A. P. Fitch. Constables.—E. S. Fitch and L. G. Hamilton.

School Inspectors.—L. Van Slyke, F. M. Crosby, and Seagrave Smith, two years; E. Eichhorn, G. S. Winslow, and P. T. Chamberlain, one year.

LOCAL NOTICES.

PARLOR.—We would consider it a great favor if all those indebted to this office, either for subscription, advertising, or job work, would call at their earliest convenience and settle for the same. We need the money, and must have it.

45-4f.

THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD.

Office over the First National Bank.

Literary Notices.

The Electric Magazine.—The April number, just received, has a steel portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson, by Perkins & Giles, with articles on Richard Cobden, Java, Italian Literature, The Mystery of Sleep, A Night in the Coliseum, Balloon Ascents, etc., etc., from the best foreign sources, with its usual literary and scientific notices.

The Phreological Journal.—The contents of the April number are: Thomas Cook, the Excursionist; Dr. Nott; W. V. Wallace; J. Carhart; Alex. Campbell; Miss Carmichael; with portraits, character, and biography; Causes of Suicide; Signs of Character; Physiognomy; Inquisitive Nose; To the Girls, by Mrs. Wyllys; Teaching by Love; How to be Happy; A Dead Man; Visiting America; A Negro Baptizing; Music as a Moral and Physical Agent; Frogs, Fish, and Toms; A Discourse by Rev. H. W. Beecher, on Self-Esteem; Faith; Self-Improvement; Benevolence; Ethnology, Physiology, etc., only twenty cents, or \$2.00 a year. Address Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

The Atlantic Monthly.—The current number contains papers upon the Last Days of Walter Savage Landor, by Miss Kate Field; My Annual, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Were they Crickets; Madame Waldborough's Carriage, by J. T. Trowbridge; Sainte Beuve, by J. Foster Kirk; Do Spiridione Episcopo, by Miss C. G. Leland; A Struggle for Shelter, by Miss C. P. Hawes; Killed at the Ford, by H. W. Longfellow; The Late Insurrection in Jamaica, by G. Reynolds; The President and Congress; and continuations of Doctor Johns, The Chimney Corner, Griffith Gaunt, and Passages from Hawthorne's Note-Book.

When to Revive the Democratic Party.—Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, in a speech made at Bridgeport, Conn., touching on the question of the revival of the democratic party, told the following story, describing the simple logic of Gov. Tod, of Ohio, an old democrat, concerning the vitalizing of the democracy:

A modern democrat came to a distinguished democrat of the state of Ohio (Gov. Tod), last fall, after the war had ended, and said: "Now, my friend, you supported Lincoln all through the war; now the war is over; you have had every thing your own way; and now suppose we start again, the old democratic party?" "Well," said the old Ohio democrat, "I don't know but that would be a good thing; I like the democratic party; I was raised in it, and I stuck to it until it deserted the country and went over to the rebels. I don't know but it would be a good thing to revive and purify the old party; but I would not do it just yet." "Ah," said his friend, "when would you do it then?" "My friend," said the Ohio democrat, "when the union party shall have discharged in full all the obligations it has assumed during this war; when it shall have paid every dollar for the national debt incurred during the war; when it shall have punished all the rebels; when, in short, it shall have accomplished all that it has promised to do, then I am willing that the old democratic party should be revived. I am not willing to trust the democratic party to perform obligations that they opposed in their contracting. I prefer to see it done myself—to pay my own debts myself."

The Press and the President.—With few exceptions—so few as to be relatively insignificant—the press of the country has sided with congress in the issue raised by the president. The local elections have even exhibited accessions to the republican ranks, and the resolutions of the state republican convention at Harrisburg, last week, may convince the president, if he is open to conviction, that Pennsylvania at home, whatever may be said of her at the capital, is game that he cannot afford to despise. True, his great defect was not alluded to—he was simply outwitted to stand firmly by the royal masses who put him into office; but a resolution expressing hope and confidence that he would do so was voted down, the moral obligation to protect the freedmen affirmed, and the Hon. Mr. Cowan called upon to resign the seat in the senate which he had so unfaithfully filled. There could scarcely be a stronger statement of the position of congress than this: "that the most imperative duty of the present is to gather the legitimate fruits of the war," and, "that failure in these great duties would be scarcely less criminal than would have been acquiescence in secession." Gen. Geary, we believe, is well qualified to be the nominee of such platform.—*The Nation.*

Were the life of a man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villainy that it would be necessary again to drown or to burn the world. Earth would become a hell; for the future rewards, when put off to a great distance, would cease to encourage, and future punishments to alarm.

The Candle Shining on the Sea.—From Jean Ingelow's new book, *Stories Told to a Child*, we obtain the following little narrative, which is a beautiful illustration of Shakespeare's line—"How far the little candle throws its beams?"

After having given a charming description of a noble bay in one of the Orkneys, and the "lonely rock" therein, Miss Ingelow says:

Now let us go back a long time, and talk about things which happened before we were born. I do not mean centuries ago, when the sea-kings in their voyages plundering that coast, drove by night upon the rock and went down. That is not the long time ago of which I want to speak; nor of that other long time ago, when two whaling vessels, large and deeply laden, bounded against it in a storm, and beat up against it till the raging waves tore them to pieces, and splitting and grinding every beam and spar, scarcely threw one piece of wreck on the shore which was as long as the bodies of the mariners. I am not going to tell of the many fishing-boats which went out and were seen no more, of the many brave men that, hard by that fatal place, went under the surging water, of the many tolling rovers that made as they thought, straight for home, and struck, and had only time to cry—"The Rock! The Rock!" The long time which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling to the wind and sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing—her father's boat! and a half a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her chamber, as a beacon to the fisherman and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and dreamed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and day into night, through winter, through driving mist, through deceptive moonlight, and through darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she had won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, groping in the fog, went fearlessly forth, can not be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as a constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock.

However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and find that just men and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman—and but for the dreaded rock her charity might never have been called into exercise!

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman?

No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.

Do they thank her?

No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or, perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course.

Sometimes the fishermen lay a fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a cold winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure. How delightful to know that through her untiring charity the rock has long lost more than half its terrors, and to consider that, cures though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

You, too, may perhaps think with advantage on the character of this woman, and contrast it with the mission of the rock. There are many degrees between them. Few, like the rock, stand up wholly to wear ruin and destruction; few, like the woman, "let their light shine" so bright for good. But to one of the many degrees between them we must all certainly belong—we all lean toward the woman or the rock. On such characters you do well to speculate.

ulate with me, for you have not been cheated into sympathy with ideal shipwreck or imaginary kindness. There is many a rock elsewhere as perilous as the one I have told you of—perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.

From The Saturday Review.

Four Million Sermons a Year.—Statistical statements have sometimes a wonderful power over our imaginations. They give distinct forms of truths which are slumbering distinctly upon our consciousness. We are startled when we are told that the Ganges bears down hourly a mass of deposit equal to so many Egyptian pyramids, or that a penny put out to compound interest in the time of Adam would now be worth many hundred globes of solid gold, each equal in size to the earth. But there are cases where the mere enunciation of bare figures is more surprising than these ornate and sophisticated statements. We should shudder at the bare assertion, if we believe it to be well founded, that twenty thousand barrels of meaty pork were weekly consumed in London, or that ten men of otherwise sound understanding believed in Dr. Cumming's interpretations of the prophecies.

We have been startled in the same way by the calculation that four million sermons are delivered annually in England. It reveals to us the vista of human misery of which we had previously a faint conception. We had known vaguely that this account was something lamentable; but, like a spendthrift who has never ventured to look his debts in the face, we had no distinct conception of the awful truth. It must, indeed, be that all such statistical formulas involve a certain unfairness. They depend upon a very simple artifice, which is not always detected. Thus, a member of the peace society will tell us that England has spent a hundred millions upon warlike preparations within the last few years. He will proceed to reckon up the number of schools that might have been founded, and the amount of good that might have been done, if the same sum had been spent upon philanthropic subjects. He relies upon our tacitly making the comparison between our income for one year and the enormous sum arrived at by taking the expenditure of several years. He omits at any rate to state explicitly that, after all, it is only a small fraction of the amount which has been received during the same period.

And thus when we hear of four million sermons, the mind rears up the thought; it forgets that given this vast stream of pulpit eloquence is a mere rivulet in comparison with the vast floods of rapid eloquence which are poured upon us from all quarters. A commission lately decided that, vast as was the injury done by human Jews to the annual shoals of herrings, it was a trifle in comparison with the consumption of sea-fowl, porpoises, seals, and dogfish. And even the yearly mass of sermons is a molehill in comparison with the vast mountains of rubbish discharged from other quarters. The twaddle which is talked in private life, spoken in pulpits, and addressed in public, is in popular estimation sufficient to reduce even the yearly accumulation of sermons to insignificance. We cannot, indeed, have accurate statistics upon this matter, but we fear that the weekly half-hour during which we are preached upon is only a fraction of the time which most men devote to laying in stores of feeble platitudes.

Whatever consolation may be derived from such reflections, there is it is undeniable that the fact is significant. Four million sermons represent, under any circumstances, a considerable aggregate of discomfort. If we deduct a liberal per centage for sermons which really express a certain quantity of thought, and produce a certain effect upon the understanding of the audience—and one in a hundred is certainly very ample allowance for such performances—there will still remain 3,600,000 aggregations of meaningless phrases. In outward form, they will be the expression of ideas; they will be more or less grammatical; and the language in which they are worded will approximate more or less closely to English. But it is and to think of the torture by which they have been produced, and to which they subject their hearers. A Sheffield knife-grinder has to put himself into very uncomfortable attitudes, but then he turns out something that will shone. Tupperian poetry is very poor stuff, but it can be manufactured by the ream. The unfortunate sermon maker, however, cramps his intellect and racks his brain in order to produce something which, if possible, a great nuisance to the hearer than to the speaker. A little of the compassion which is lavished upon the workmen in unhealthy trades might very well be reserved for the sermon market. A wretched young man who has just escaped the torments of a pass-examination has an almost insoluble problem set before him. He has to squeeze out of his brain, not naturally very full, fresh thoughts upon the old set of all topics; he is bound to follow a track which thousands of men have made before him, without ever falling exactly into the same ruts. He has before his eyes at once the fear of being too original, and dropping too severely into the footprints of a predecessor. To put together new arguments against a heresy, or new reasons for loving our neighbor, would tax the most powerful invention. It is not wonderful that the ninety-nine curates out of a hundred grow hopeless over their task, and laboriously fill up the interstices between appropriate texts with the set of conventional phrases which approach most nearly to conveying some sort of meaning.

We can at any rate pity, if we cannot altogether excuse, those unambitious men who buy for a shilling a lithographed sermon which looks like manuscript, and spend half a crown for additionalunction on grand occasions. The only question is, whether the congregation of these unfortunate beings have not greater claims upon our compassion. It is torture to strain from reluctant hordes fifty-two or a hundred and four sermons a year, but it is not much less torture to hear them. The recipient of this variety of eloquence generally oscillates between two mental conditions; he is either carrying on a gallant struggle against a tendency to sleep, or he is tormented by a fidgety desire to argue the other side of the question. Now, if we assume that an average of a hundred people listen for an average of half an hour to each of the 3,600,000 discourses through one year, it is easy to discover how many years of misery are passed in the aggregate by the congregation of the kingdom.

The Earth as Seen from the Moon.—The inhabitants of the moon perceive in their sky a gigantic star, constantly immovable at the same height. To their eyes this globe is twelve times as large as the sun, but it differs from all the stars in being always suspended in the same place over their heads. It presents phases to them, as the moon does to us, passing through all the gradations of now and full earth. This star, as we have just said, is the earth we inhabit.

Those who dwell in the centre of the lunar disk behold our globe suspended from their zenith, hovering eternally in the midst of the starry skies. Others see it at 70 degrees of elevation, others at 45 degrees, as they inhabit spots more or less removed from the center of the visible hemisphere. Those who live near the border of this hemisphere see our globe on their horizon resting on the mountains. A little further on only half the earth is discernible, and in passing to another hemisphere the view vanishes forever.

If we except the determination of longitude, the earth is more beautiful and useful to the moon than the moon is to the earth; and if the Selenites, or inhabitants of the moon, rolling underneath us, interpret the law of final causes with as much partiality as we do, they will have a right apparently superior to our own for regarding creation, the earth included, as especially made for Selenian race.

The earth is a gigantic globe, sending them thirteen times more light than the full moon transmits to us. It revolves on its axis in twenty-four hours, and during this period exhibits all portions of its surface, being thus more generous than the moon, which always conceals one hemisphere from our view.

In consequence of this motion, the Selenites find themselves in an observatory magnificently situated for viewing the terrestrial disk, and its position is preferable to that of the inhabitants of the first four moons of Saturn, who can never see the whole of that planet; and they can see the earth better than we see any planet.

The earth generally presents to them a greenish hue, the consequence of the immense quantity of water by which its surface is covered, of the forests of the new world, and of its plains, and also on account of the tint of the atmosphere. From time to time, however, large grey or yellow spots divide the sphere.

As the east of the terrestrial disk appears the lofty Cordilleras, marked by an indented line just as we see in the lunar Carpathians, to the west of the Sea of Storms. Opposite this ridge, a shady green spot of great extent unfolds itself for many hours; this is the great ocean. Next comes two grey patches, which look like one elongated; these are the two isles of New Zealand. Then appears the fine continent of Australia, tinted with a thousand colors, and accompanied by New Guinea, Borneo, Java, and the Philippines. At the same time the grey country of Asia is unrolled, and extends to the white steppes of the pole. Africa then comes in view, divided by its milky way of sand. To the north of the great Sahara appears a little green spot torn in all directions and full of ramifications; this is the Mediterranean; above which those who have good eyesight will discern white, and almost invisible, France. Then the dry land will disappear, and the great dark spot of the Atlantic will follow the same revolving course. The Selenites, who carefully contemplate in tranquil nights, the green and gray divisions of the earth, will have no idea of the contests in which the distant nationalities are involved.

The earth is a permanent clock to the inhabitants of the moon, and this is its least utility. By reason of its invariable motion, the fixed points which mark the different longitudes, will be the hours on the meridian of the moon. Each country of the globe has its peculiar aspect, and may serve for point of departure.

The phases the earth presents to the moon will, in the same manner, serve as an almanac, and we may believe they form its chief foundation. These phases are complementary to those which the moon presents to us; when it is in full moon to us, it is new earth for the Selenites, and when they give us the new moon, we offer them a full earth. No reciprocity can be more perfect and constant.

But the phases of the earth differ essentially from those of the moon, inasmuch as their intensity, not their magnitude, changes perpetually. This phenomenon is very terrestrial, and we may be sure the Selenites have judged us by it long ago. Whilst with them all is calm, identical, constant; with us everything changes. Besides the difference of different parts of the terrestrial surface—green continents, blue seas, yellow deserts, white poles, and gray lands—our atmosphere is in perpetual commotion. One day it is covered with clouds, and transmits to the moon a uniform white light; the day after it is of limpid transparency, and allows the solar light to fall upon absorbent green surfaces. All of a sudden it will be varied with flocculent mountains and varied mosaics. Thus the light the Selenites receive from the earth, the light which we call "ashy," and which we only perceive in the moon's early days, varies continually in intensity.

This mobility, this perpetual variation in the aspect of the earth, will have made the Selenites believe that the earth is uninhabited. But on what grounds would they form their opinions unfavorable to its habitability? They live on a solid and stable sphere, and can see nothing like it on earth. Can any rational creature live upon that permanent atmosphere, where which covers all the earth? A Selenite who fell into it would be drowned. Can it be on that sheet of green that washes the greater portion of the earth? Can it be on those clouds that appear and disappear a hundred times a day? And then the earth turns with such velocity, it is subject to so much elemental instability! Moreover, can we believe that its inhabitants are people without weight, preserving, no one knows how, a mean position between the fixed and mobile elements? How can such existence be believed?

A Continent Covered With Ice. Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Prof. Hitchcock and other eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the ice mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level on which glacier marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In this, then, the thickness of the ice cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kinds of evidence in other parts of the country, for, when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough, and, when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman.

The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

It is a general truth that friction develops electricity, and most workmen know that a machine belt at high speed by its friction with the air is highly electrified. It has for years been a common experiment for a workman to light gas burners by holding one hand to a fast going belt and the other to an open burner. This matter was curiously demonstrated in the Appleton Mills, of this city, on Wednesday. A strong smell of fire being noticed, the premises were carefully searched, and a small quantity of cotton lint, inside a belt casing, was found on fire. The lint lay upon a beam which was within four inches of a belt some fifteen inches wide and moving some two hundred and twenty revolutions a minute. In the beam was an iron bolt, the head of which was toward the belt. From the belt to the bolt was passing a stream of electric sparks, which had set the cotton lint on fire. After attending to this case, Mr. Motley, the agent, opened the casing of a similar belt in another mill. The beam in this case was fourteen inches from the belt, but the stream of electric sparks was at once seen jumping across the beam, although it had not set fire to anything. Perhaps some of the cases of fire from supposed "spontaneous combustion" are due to the electricity from machinery. The subject is an interesting one for investigation, and doubtless a profitable one.—*Lovell (Mass.) Courier, March 23.*

A man without money is a body without a soul—a wailing death—a spectre that frightens everybody. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation is languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance, he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not finish his discourse, which is in fact only an end with asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an innumerable to the earth. He is awakened in the morning by want, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby, landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants anything from a tradesman he is asked for cash before delivery.

Much labor and time now annually expended in scouring plows might be saved by the simple process which we append. It is certainly better to scour house implements of every kind, but all farmers cannot do this, and even when it is done, plows will frequently become rusty. Those who wish to spare themselves the trouble of polishing a rusty mold-board in the ordinary way, should have recourse to muriatic acid, which will not touch the iron, but will render the rust soluble and easily removed. A furrow or two should be turned with the plow in about five minutes after the application of the acid.

Smoking is an abominable habit—for chimneys.

AGRICULTURAL.

Ornamentation of the Table and Dishes.

Few are aware how thoroughly the eye and palate are in sympathy, and in how great a measure the appetite is modified by the appearance of our food. The confectioners are aware of this, and present their wares in tempting colors, and each of us can recollect seeing an otherwise good meal spoiled by being thrown upon the dishes and set upon a soiled table-cloth. All will admit that neatness and order are essential in the arrangement of a table. These are within the reach of even the poorest. Beyond these there is decoration, ornamentation of our tables, for the sole purpose of pleasing the eye, and this is sometimes carried to a great extent. We were once several days a guest at a house where the ornamentation was painfully elaborate, where each day the butter was carved (not stamped) in some new form, and a pile was a work of art which it seemed a pity to destroy. Here the thing was overdone and oppressive, and our readers can make better use of their time than to devote it to anything elaborate. Still, we believe those of moderate means and in the humbler spheres may, with propriety, give more attention to the appearance of their tables, and the looks of the food upon them, the first great requisite, neatness, being complied with. There is no table in the land, from the richest to the poorest, but what would be more attractive for a bunch of flowers. These are decorations that are always in place, and may be set in vases of silver or crystal on the board of the millionaire, or occupy a cracked tumbler by the side of Pat's pork and potatoes. Besides flowers, green upon the table is always pleasing. In the spring, half the relish of cresses and salads is due to their fresh look, and the fact that they remind us that winter has gone, and the season of growth has come. Every garden should have its patch of curled parsley, which will be found useful in ornamenting many dishes, its fine, rich green giving an attractive appearance. Just notice the difference of a supper-table, where, in one case the ragged remains of a roast or boil of the previous dinner are set on, and where the same meat is nicely sliced and regularly laid upon a dish, and surrounded by a green border of parsley. This kind of ornamentation is unpretending and always in good taste. A dish of spinach may be made to look beautiful by having the surface nicely smoothed, and then surrounded by a border of slices of cold boiled eggs. Those who wish to attempt something elaborate, can use carrots and beets. These are readily cut into stars, crescents, scrolls, etc., by bending up a strip of sheet tin into the desired shape, and using it as a cutter. With these materials a very showy border may be placed around a platter. Ornamentation, however, should never exceed the bounds of good taste.

Something of a Pasture Too. The valley of San Louis is a famous park. It had been settled by the Spaniards for a hundred years up to 1760, when they were compelled to fly southward by an insurrection among the Indians, whom they had overthrown in their mining operations. Since our government obtained possession people have again flocked in, and about 24,000 white inhabitants now reside in the park. One-half of this interesting region is in Colorado. This great pasture was once the bed of an inland sea, and is surrounded by lofty mountains. Into it flows thirty-four small streams, as well as the Rio Grande. Nineteen streams in the north part flow into a lake which apparently has no outlet. Abundance of salt is found on its borders. The park has 9,400 square miles of level land—nearly one-quarter of the area of Ohio. It is, at its extreme points, 200 miles long and 75 wide. On a clear day nearly half of the whole park can be seen from one of the surrounding elevations. The mountains on its borders rise from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the surface, and from 13,000 to 15,000 above the sea. The northern portion is irrigated in the spring by high waters, and during the summer an immense quantity of hay can be cut. It is said that 1,000 mowing machines kept busy during the season would make scarcely an impression.

Charred Wood for Fuel. We have tested the value of charred wood for kindling and heating purposes, and find it to more than exceed our expectations. By charring wood we drive off the watery portions of the wood, and this is replaced by large portion of oxygen, thereby increasing its value as a combustible. We made use of elm logs, too tough to split. Every one knows how difficult it is to season elm wood so as to be fitted for fuel, and that its heating power is very small. These logs are treated the same as for making coal, keeping the kiln closed so as to season the wood and char it without changing it to coal. The wood is changed to a tan color, and the toughest logs can afterwards be readily split. A very small handful of splinters with a handful of shavings, or without them will be sure to burn, and when it is necessary to obtain a powerful heat in the shortest possible time, we know nothing like it, but the best thing about it is its economy. We usually kindle four fires a day, and half a cord of such wood will last through the winter and spring months for kindling purposes. It is certainly very comfortable on a cold morning to be able to have a heated stove in two or three minutes. We shall not do without it again if we can help it so long as we are obliged to kindle the fires.—*Maine Farmer.*

Pea-straw is richer in oil and albuminous (or self-forming) matter than the straw of cereals. The woody fibre is thus more digestible. This fully accounts for the repulse in which it is held as fodder for sheep and cattle.

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THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

VOLUME VI.---NO. 1.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1866.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD.



TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1866.

A New Volume.

With this issue commences Volume VI. of THE CONSERVER. Since it has been under the present management—nearly three and a half years—we have endeavored to make it a welcome visitor to the household, and a faithful reflector of the interests and doings of the community among whom our lot has fallen. To accomplish this has been our chief aim and desire. Although we have failed in many things, and what men do not, we have had the satisfaction of seeing our subscription list double and quadrupled, and our advertising patronage placed on a par with the leading journals of the state.

Our course in the future as in the past will be in accordance with the principles of our late lamented president, and as clearly expressed by a majority of both houses of congress. With the accession and revolutionary element of our nation we have nothing in common, and shall endeavor to hold up their true light. We desire to wrong no man, or interfere needlessly with his political views, but shall conscientiously hold to that we believe true and right.

In the editorial and mechanical departments of our paper we design making such improvements as may from time to time suggest themselves, and shall be obliged to patrons for any hints or information they may supply. None but an editor can thoroughly appreciate these favors, which, though they may appear trivial in themselves, go so far towards the make-up of an enterprising and interesting newspaper. To those who have already done this we wish better reward than simply our sincere thanks.

The prosperity of our country—than which no better exists in this or any other state—is our own, and for which we shall diligently and earnestly labor. The present we have always with us; what the future has in store time alone can tell.

"Danger Ahead."

Our contemporary, *The Union*, claims to be an administration paper. It cries Johnson first, Johnson last, and Johnson all the time. This is very well, so far as it goes. Let us turn back a leaf in the presidential record and see if it will follow.

In its last issue, under the head above quoted, it says:

"The reckless, defiant attitude of the radical disunion element in congress in passing the 'civil rights bill' over the president's veto, and the tone of the radical press all over the north, conclusively show that the dominant faction which has control of the government, seems determined to act upon the principle that minorities have no rights which the majority are bound to respect. Well may an exchange exclaim: 'We are on the brink of a crisis. Heaven only knows what the future has in store for us, whether peace and prosperity, or a reign of terror, anarchy, bloodshed, and universal ruin.'"

Six years ago Andrew Johnson, now president of the United States, was in the senate. The homestead bill was then being agitated, and, like the bill above referred to, finally passed both houses by over a two-thirds vote. On the 22d day of June, 1860, it was returned to the senate by President Buchanan, with his reasons for not signing it. Whereupon Mr. Johnson made a speech in its defense, from which we quote the following extracts:

"The president of the United States presumes,—yes, sir, I say presumes,—to dictate to the American people and to the two houses of congress, in violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the constitution, that this measure should not become a law. Why do I say this? I ask is there any difference in the spirit of the constitution whether a measure is sanctioned by a two-thirds vote before its passage or afterwards? When a measure has been vetoed by the president, the constitution requires that it shall be reconsidered and passed by a two-thirds vote, in order to become a law.

"But here, in the teeth of the executive, there was a two-thirds vote in favor of this bill. The two houses have said that this bill is constitutional and right. In the other house, reflecting the popular sentiment of the nation, the vote was one hundred and twelve to fifty-one, ten more than a two-thirds majority, which the constitution requires; and when there is a two-thirds

vote for a measure, I say it is against the spirit of the constitution for the executive to say 'No'; you shall not have this measure; I will take all the chances of vetoing it."

The cases are parallel. If Mr. Johnson was right then he must be wrong now, and so must be all who so persistently support this "my policy."

The Right Man in the Right Place.

The Hon. H. L. Humphrey, of Hudson, has been elected judge of the 8th judicial circuit of Wisconsin by a majority of three hundred, over Judge L. P. Wetherby, the present incumbent. From our personal acquaintance with Mr. Humphrey we know him to be well fitted for that high office, and one whom the electors of the circuit will have reason to be proud of, not only upon the bench, but as a man and citizen. The opposition was strong, and the contest spirited, but—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Death of Daniel S. Dickinson.

A dispatch from New York, of the 15th, says:

"The Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, U. S. district attorney, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Courtney, No. 129 East 34th Street, on Thursday. Mr. Dickinson was down town attending to business, but went home ill. Physicians pronounced it a severe attack of hemorrhage. At 2 o'clock p. m. yesterday he became conscious of the fact that he could not live long. He spoke considerably and remained perfectly conscious till half past 8 o'clock last night, when, sitting up in bed, he died without a struggle. He was sixty years of age. The last case he attended to in connection with his office was that of the Meteor.

The president's circular to heads of departments concerning the appointment of soldiers and sailors to office is not received with much favor in Washington, and is regarded simply as an electioneering document. In substance it is precisely similar to a joint resolution introduced in the senate in March, 1865, by Senator Wilson, which passed both houses, was signed by President Lincoln, and has consequently been a law over a year. It never received very great attention from President Johnson, and some of the grossest violations of it have been made with his sanction.

The *Leader*, a paper published by colored men in Charleston, has the following under the head of wanted:

"A steamship company which will put a line of steamers on the route between this and any northern city, that will give colored men an opportunity to take passage and be treated as respectable people ought to be. The freight which the colored people have to give to such a line would soon pay. If there was but one steamer they would prefer to wait for their trips."

People who are in the habit of circulating subscription papers should provide themselves with stamps, as a recent decision of the commissioner states that a five cent revenue stamp must be affixed to every name, unless the money is paid down. In such case the paper is regarded simply as a memorandum.

The name of Johnson will be borne over the waves of years even as it is now borne over the billows of the old Atlantic.—*Louisville Journal*.

Very likely. So will that of James Buchanan, but no one thinks the more of him for a' that.

Dr. Foster has issued his prospectus for the revival of *The Minnesotan* as a weekly, to be devoted to the interests of farming, milling, millwrighting, etc. The first number will be issued in July.

The amount of "conscience money" received by the United States treasury during the past year is estimated at over \$25,000.

The *Pittsford Record* relates how a stranger didn't take the fastened tools out of a well, for which the superintendent paid five hundred dollars. After stating the agreement, *The Record* says: "The stranger went to work, and the next morning when the superintendent visited the well, he found the tools all out and the stranger drilling. Of course the money was paid, and the stranger went on his way rejoicing. But! when drilling was commenced in the re-generated well, obstructions were found, and, on putting down the fishing apparatus, the tools were found to be still in the well! The stranger had stolen a set of tools, brought them on the ground, palmed them off on the superintendent as those resurrected from the well, received his money, and gone to Canada! At this juncture the owner of the stolen tools came alone, claimed his property, and threatened an arrest of the victim of misplaced confidence for stealing! This was the 'unkindest cut of all.'"

A New York gentleman has taken the veil; but it was a \$6,000 veil, with a lady from Worcester in it.

State News.

Quite a number of "prairie school-ers" passed through town last week. We did not learn their destination, but probably the northern portion of this state.—*Miner County Register*.

A base ball club has been organized in Winona, with the following officers: President,—J. E. Follett. Vice President,—A. B. Youmans. Secretary,—Robert Urquhart. Treasurer,—H. P. Daw.

Judge D. H. Frost, of Northfield, is about to leave the place, to settle in Vinton, Iowa, where he has purchased a paper entitled *The Vinton Eagle*, of which he is to assume the editorial charge. We wish him success in his new field of labor.—*Central Republican*.

The *Shakopee Argus* says that Mr. Sutton, of Spring Lake, owns a cow that bears twin calves every year; ten sheep that produce about twenty-five lambs each year; a goose that never fails to lay two eggs per day; a hen that always lays two eggs, and often three per day; and last week his wife presented him with a fine pair of healthy twin babies. Mr. Sutton should reveal his valuable secret.

Candidates for congressional honors are already sniffing the battle of caucuses and conventions afar off. Among the names mentioned are those of Lieut. Gov. Armstrong, R. A. Jones esq., and the Hon. M. S. Wilkinson. "Will" has made a flank movement on his enemies by joining the good templars, thereby causing them to fall back to another position, the location of which we have not learned, but presume it is the church! Nevertheless he is a strong candidate, and has many warm friends in this section at least.—*Preston Republican*.

During the sudden rush of high water yesterday morning, produced by the breaking away of the tremendous gorge above the falls, a small house was seen floating down the river. It was first discovered by a resident of West St. Paul, who managed to tow it ashore, thus vastly increasing the size of that thriving village. As soon as it was safely landed, application was made for the building as a residence. The lucky owner at once leased it, and, as soon as the house was occupied, he adopted the prevailing fashion and raised the rent.—*Press*.

We know a house not a great way off that is about thirty by forty feet square, and two stories high. In this house lives a Yankee family with six children; a German family with five children; a Norwegian family with seven children; a family, supposed to be Swede, with six children; and a old lady, dwells in one apartment of this structure—in the garret. To make the variety still greater, a room is to be made ready soon for a couple about to be married. All that is necessary to complete this rare combination is to allot apartments to a "killed gemmer" and his Dinah, and a full blood Sioux family.—*St. Peter Advertiser*.

Gov. Marshall has received from the commissioner of the general land office, through Mr. E. P. Drake, instructions how to proceed in the selection of the five hundred thousand acres of lands which this state is entitled to for internal improvements under the act of 1841, of which we gave notice some time ago. They are to be selected in tracts of three hundred and twenty acres—any fraction thereof to count as three hundred and twenty acres—four acres in each tract to be at least \$1.25 per acre; and notices of the location of such tracts, under the authority of the state, is to be filed in the land office of the districts where the lands are selected. When these lists are officially reported to the general land office, the commissioner will see to it that proper steps are taken to vest the title in the state.—*Press*.

Miscellaneous Items.

The Davenport Brothers have abandoned the title of mediums, and now call themselves merely jugglers.

One hundred and fifty cords of white birch logs have been purchased by a firm at Farmington Falls, Me., to be manufactured into spools.

One of our exchanges praises an egg which it says was "laid on our table by Rev. Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith seems to be a layman as well as a minister.

The western colleges, academies, and seminaries are better patronized this year than ever before. Large numbers of the veteran soldiers are seeking an education. During the fall term there were said to be over forty of these army men in Washburn College alone.

The construction of a railway from the Platte across the Andes to the Pacific is believed likely to be realized within the next ten years. Already two hundred and forty miles of the route are in course of rapid construction from the port of Rosario, on the river Platte, to the interior city of Cordova.

There is a tenement in the upper story of a building on Main Street, Springfield, Mass., which the owner proposes to rent this year for as much as the entire building cost ten years ago. When an applicant was told the price, the other day, he exclaimed in amazement: "I didn't say I wanted to buy it!"

One of the largest refracting telescopes in the world is one just received at the Chicago, Ill., university. The length of the instrument is twenty-eight feet, and weighs three tons; the diameters of the circles are twenty-four and thirty inches, and the object-glass is eighteen and a half inches in diameter, and weighs one hundred pounds.

The Connecticut "Reaction."

The copperhead papers are making great boasts of what their allies in Connecticut could or would do, if the election were to be held over again to-day. They claim that a great reaction has been going on in that state, and that they only wanted a few more days to canvass, in order to secure success.

The best commentary upon these boasts may be found in the result of a second election which has just taken place in Middletown. On Monday the vote stood 910 for Hawley and 935 for English; but only one representative having been chosen, a second election has just been held, at which the union candidate has been elected over the other representative (the town being entitled to two) by 74 majority.

A similar gain throughout the state would give a union majority of 5,000; and there can be little doubt that if an election should be held in the state to-day, would be about the result.—*New York Tribune*, 14th.

There are two important Indian commissions to exercise their functions this year. One appointed last year to treat with the Upper Missouri Indians, who will soon proceed to complete their labors, which, owing to the lateness of the season, could not be performed last fall, consists of Gov. Edmunds, Gen. Curtis, Mr. Guernsey, and Mr. Reed. The one to treat with the Indians of the Upper Platte is composed of Superintendent Taylor, Gen. Sibley, and Col. McLaughlin. The former commission meets in May at Fort Sully the latter, Two Kootles, and Lower Yanktonais tribes. On June 1st, the commission will meet the Minneconjous, Sansarcs, Ogallallas, Uncapapans, and the Sioux of the Mississippi or Santee Sioux, at Fort Rice; and on the 20th of the same month it is proposed to arrange terms with the Ross, Grosventres, and Mandans, at Fort Berthold. The Assiniboines, Crows, and Grosventres of the Prairie, will assemble at Fort Union, July 5th, where the commission will meet them.

A few days since a Frenchman and wife gave a dinner party to celebrate the twentieth year of their marriage. Just before dinner one of the brother-in-laws, who had been drinking, broke a tumbler. This led to a discussion, which ended in each party expressing wonder at having the patience to live twenty years with so horrid and so stupid an animal as the other. The wife put on her bonnet and quit the house. The husband lighted a chafing dish full of charcoal in his chamber and laid on the floor. When the guests came, and failed to obtain admittance, they broke open the doors and found the husband a corpse.

We learn from gentlemen thoroughly competent to determine the amount of logs cut during the past winter, in the various lumber camps above, is estimated at about 50,000,000 feet. There is not the remotest doubt in regard to a sufficient stage of water this spring for driving purposes, so that this amount can easily be got down. Add to this the 25,000,000 feet of old logs which have been left in the various streams during seasons of low water, but which can now be brought down, and it gives us 75,000,000 feet of logs for the coming season.—*Pittsford Record* (Wisc.) *Press*.

An Englishman living near Bath recently received a ticket for a bankrupt lottery, which he threw aside. The ticket subsequently got into the possession of his servants, four in number, who made up and remitted to the proper quarter the price of the ticket, £1. Recently the original owner was surprised at receiving notice that the ticket forwarded to him had gained the first prize, amounting to £20,000 sterling, which, of course, falls to the lot of the servants.

One of two of the expert professors of chemistry, to whom the secretary of the treasury referred the investigation as to the combustible or non-combustible quality of petroleum, has responded. His opinion is unequivocally that that combustible is combustible within the meaning of the law, and, consequently, special license for transporting it must be taken out before it can be carried on passenger vessels. The other expert has not yet responded.

Wendell Phillips is not only more honest than the majority of the leaders in the abolition party, but he is blessed with more brains and is a more sagacious politician than any of them. He is constant and always presents plain issues, and in a manner which appeals strongly to the sense of justice in the people.—*Chicago Times*, March 31.

In Quebec they are so afraid of the Fenians that the gates of the lower town are regularly closed every night at a certain hour. Any one in the suburbs requiring a physician could get him only by sending a message to the gate, where messengers were stationed to be in readiness to attend to demands of this kind.

By the raising of the sunken ships in the harbor of Sebastopol, Russia, thirty-six tons of iron, twelve hundred cannon, four thousand balls, twelve thousand cast iron ballast pigs, one hundred chain cables, and a large quantity of miscellaneous stores were recovered.

The sales of four leading firms in Salt Lake City ("Gentiles") last year were \$1,500,000 each. One concern sold \$600,000 in boots and shoes.

In Paris when a lady has her face newly enameled, she is said to have "renewed her facade."

Miscellaneous Items.

The Ohio senate has passed a bill exempting a certain portion of the wages of heads of families from execution, where such wages are necessary to the support of the family.

Galveston papers say that real estate has greatly advanced in that city. Trade is good, and the grain market is rapidly filling up by importations of corn by thousands of bushels from New Orleans.

Since last May, government has sold two hundred and ten thousand horses and mules, realizing over fourteen millions and a quarter of dollars. The sales still progressing in the South will reach seventeen millions.

Four hundred sets of artificial eyes for human subjects are sold weekly in Paris. One celebrated oculist has a one-eyed servant, in whose eyes he cures the customer can test the effect of the artificial article.

William B. Astor is projecting the erection of an immense hotel in New York city, on the square bounded by Fifth Street, Broadway, and Seventh Avenue. It will be the largest hotel in New York.

Mr. N. S. Pike, whose magnificent opera house was recently destroyed by fire at Cincinnati, will not re-build it in that city, but will commence the erection of one in New York on the first of May.

The death of a German veteran who served under the great Frederick in the seven years' war is announced. He died at the respectable age of hundred and twenty, at the hamlet of Salado, in Upper Silesia. His name was Laurence Halacz.

The affairs of the Kentucky Trust Company Bank, which closed its doors in 1854, have finally been wound up. The entire circulation of the bank, amounting to over a million of dollars, has been redeemed, dollar for dollar, and every depositor paid in full.

President Johnson has issued a circular to the heads of departments, urging the appointment of meritorious and honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who have been disabled in the service; also that preference be given them in the matter of promotions.

Lieut. Maury, after playing the role of a traitor to his government, and stolen its property, with a lot of brother rebels fled into Mexico upon the breaking up of the Southern army and navy, has recently swindled his fellow exiles and made off to Europe with the spoils.

In view of the possibility of the occurrence of difficulties between British and American fishermen of the Newfoundland coast in consequence of the termination of the fishery treaty, the minister of the interior has been dispatched to the fishing banks to protect the interests of American citizens.

There are already at least five hundred applicants for appointment as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1867, many of them parties interested in machines and implements which are to be on exhibition, and not one in twenty able to understand or speak a word of the French language.

There were in service in the army of the United States on the 30th ult. whites 27,171; colored, 39,814—giving an aggregate of 66,985. The total number of soldiers mustered out since Jan. 9th, is 76,074. The total number remaining in the army, when mustered out now ordered shall have been completed, will be 47,282.

An English astronomer, Mr. George F. Burder, of Clifton, writes that a spot, or rather cluster of spots, of very unusual size, may now be seen on the sun's disk. It is so large as to be conspicuously visible to the naked eye when the sun is looked at through a colored or smoky glass, or through a lens of suitable density.

At a "charivari" near Toronto, Clinton County, Mo., a few days ago, one of the musicians, after due warning to the crowd from the justly incensed bridegroom, received in his body the contents of a shot-gun, one hundred and seventy-two small bird-shot, as the physician asserts, yet was not dangerously wounded.

One Scovill, of the New Jersey senate, has got himself into notoriety by a determination which he has manifested to keep New Jersey out of the union and prevent the election of a U. S. Senator to take the place of Mr. Stockton. Scovill's vote is necessary in order to go into joint session, and he refuses to cast it for that purpose unless allowed to choose the senator to be elected himself, and thus the matter stands.

Secretary McCulloch has published a statement of the public debt of the United States, on the 1st of April, 1865, from which it appears that the total debt on that day was \$2,705,644,516. The amount bearing currency interest was \$1,180,236,341 80; debt bearing currency interest \$1,186,207,011 36; debt bearing no interest \$460,419,864 02. Coin in the treasury \$72,069,700 80; currency in the treasury \$60,077,680 01.

The Reno Oil Company has followed Messrs. Culver, Penn, & Co. into retirement, and a circular from the subscription agent says: "The executive committee of the company have deemed it best to withdraw the stock from the market. Mr. C. V. Culver, the projector of the plan, being so largely interested and connected with it that the suspicion might embarrass the company's operations. The money received for subscriptions and operations, the committee declare, has been returned, so that no subscriber has been the loser of a dollar."

America a Match for Napoleon. Cornelius O'Dowd, the inimitable writer in Blackwood, who entertains no great affection for this country, is yet delighted that France has been snubbed by us in her Mexican adventure. He says:

"A more insufferable piece of insolent pretensions could not be imagined than what is called the Monroe doctrine. That my next-door neighbor should not live in a certain style lest the servants in my house should become dissatisfied, is too gross an absurdity to be entertained. That whatever rules I prescribe for my family should be adopted by every one who resides in the same street is somewhat overbearing; and yet, with all this, I declare I am all for the Yankee in this Mexican row. It is not the justice of the case I want to think of. It is not whether France has right on her side, and whether this demand to retire be one of those mandates high spirited nation cannot submit to, my whole consideration is limited to the fact—here at last the bully of Europe has met his match! Here is a young athletic, daring fellow ready to go into the ring with the finished pugilist that none of us have courage to fight, and who, even with the gloves on, doubts us up in a fashion far from agreeable.

"America dares to hold language to France that all Europe combined would not utter. There's no denying it; there's no qualifying it. If we had a continental coalition to-morrow, we could not venture to say what America has just said. What minister of Russia, or England, or Australia would say to the French emperor: 'We were thinking of something else when you slipped into Savoy and Nice the other day; now that our hands are free, you'll have to go back again.' We are famous for brave words in our foreign offices, but does any one expect that such a message as this will ever issue from Whitehall!"

"We would no more provoke the Tulleries by an insolent dispatch than we would go into one of Van Amburgh's cages and kick the lion. It has become a sort of European superstition that France can beat every one, and I am downright grateful to the Americans that they don't believe it. 'I never know I liked America so well till I began to speculate on this war. I never suspected that there really was that tie of kindred which journalists disparage by that false adulation they deal in. I hate all the cant of 'cousinship,' but call them our own bone and blood; speak of them as a people who have the same leading traits as ourselves—sturdy, determined, unflinching, and unyielding—taking their share of hard knocks to-day with a fixed resolve to repay them to-morrow; in a word, of that stuff that makes right trusts friends and very terrible enemies. Regard them in this light, and say, if a war should break out between them and France, what side you would like to back. I say, America! I'd lay my head on the issue; and if any gentleman is willing to bet an equivalent—say another crown piece—I cry 'done,' and wait the event."

Matterley's type-setting machine has been in operation during the past six months in the office of a newspaper in Hull, England. It is said that by the use of this machine a clever compositor can set up and justify at the rate of one hundred and four thousand types per hour, and that a much larger number can be set up by those better accustomed to the manipulation of the machine. It should be understood that the English method of measuring type is by the n instead of the m; the n being considered the average size of the letters of the alphabet. This English machine therefore sets about one-half the amount per hour which is accomplished by the Alden machine; an American invention.

A patriotic citizen of the pacific coast sent to the agricultural bureau at Washington for exhibition a choice array of fruits from his section—grapes, figs, lemons, oranges, almonds, etc., and going there a few days after he brought them to a friend, and said: "Oh, they were very nicely sent—'Oh, they were very fine, so fine, indeed, that we did not open them at all, but sent them around to the members of the cabinet as a present!'"

During the past few days quite a number of agents and land owners from the South, mostly northern men who have recently settled there, have been in Washington engaged in hiring contractors to go to their plantations and work the indentured men offered by the payment of traveling expenses, from twelve to eighteen dollars for the men, and from seven to ten dollars for the women, comfortable quarters, etc.

In a southern state, we learn that there is one preacher who has charge of four churches, edits a newspaper, is president of a female college, runs several peddler wagons, keeps up a farm, and owns several patent rights which he farms out.—*Western Recorder*.

A machine for making ice has been invented in London, which will produce eleven pounds of ice in an hour, at a cost of not more than a cent per pound. This is cheaper than the natural article is furnished in most places.

The death of a Mormon bishop is thus announced in a Salt Lake paper: "He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death."

A London letter says: The yellow fever is still raging here; I mean in hair. Ladies are still striving to be walking vegetables. The darkest hair may be turned to carrots within a month. They little know what they are doing. An honest coiffeur told a young friend of mine, at the commencement of the mania: "Oh, yes, miss, I can make your hair a beautiful yellow for two years, but after that time I cannot be responsible!" After that, ladies, you will be gray or bald. Such is the influence of the gold hair washers, besides which they bring eye diseases and sometimes paralysis of the brain.

A lucrative trade which has sprung up since the war is that in bones. Near Winchester, Va., there is a stock of bones as large as a range of warehouses, and they say that one hundred and sixty thousand skeletons of horses have been collected in the Shenandoah valley alone. At Frederickburg a lone mill has been set at work, and for five months past wagon loads have arrived there daily.

Postmaster General Dennison is having printed a postage stamp of the denomination of fifteen cents, which will soon be ready for issue. A stamp of this price, it was found, was greatly needed for the payment of postage on quarter ounce letters for France. On the face of the stamp is a finely executed portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

A Pittsfield democrat, who is more noted for his political leanings than wisdom, on being informed that Connecticut had gone republican, indignantly replied: "I don't care; the president will veto it."

The consolidation of the several telegraph companies has thrown out of employment some fifteen hundred operators, who were engaged by the United States Company.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKEN UP.—ON MY PREMISES, OR on the 14th inst., a COW, three years old, all red, with white spot on tip of tail. The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take her away. WILLIAM KEIL, 1-4w
Hastings, April 17, 1866.

FOR RENT.—A TWO STORY HOUSE in Nininger, with seven rooms, good kitchen, stables for horse and cow, with fine garden, and fifteen acres of land adjoining. Rent \$60 per year for house and \$5 per acre for the number of acres rented. A good location for a gardener. Apply to ANTHONY KATZ, Nininger, April 7, 1866. 62-4w

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The Conserver,

HASTINGS, MINN.

Vol. VI. Commences April 17, 1866.

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The Monthlies.

Goody's Lady's Book.—The number for April has the Last Bouquet, a handsome steel engraving, double fashion plate, and numberless patterns, stories, receipts, etc., for which this magazine is so justly famous. L. A. Goody, Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.

The Old Guard.—The number for the present month contains a steel portrait of Gen. G. T. Denuigard, and the usual assortment of democratic readings. Published by VanBuren, Horton, & Co., 162 Nassau Street, New York. Price \$3.

The Sargo Journal.—Such is the title of a journal devoted to Northern Cane Culture, Improved Farm Machinery, etc., and published at 116 Main St., Cincinnati, O. All those who intend raising sargo will do well to subscribe. It is published monthly at \$1 per year.

The American Educational Monthly.—This is emphatically a teacher's journal, and should be in the hands of every friend of education. Only \$1 50 per annum. Address Schormerhorn, Bancroft, & Co., 430 Broome Street, New York.

Arthur's Home Magazine.—The current number has a beautiful frontispiece, Lead Us not into Temptation, a wood cut, The Kitten, patterns, miscellaneous readings, etc. Price \$2 50. T. S. Arthur & Co., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Lady's Friend.—The April number of this periodical contains a fine steel engraving, Waking; a colored double fashion-plate; patterns; stories; and the customary amount of receipts, etc. Deacon & Peterson, publishers, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Terms \$2 50 per year.

Our Young Folks.—The April number has, The Four Seasons, II., by Lucetta P. Hale; Kitty, by Marian Douglas; Mrs. Winchester; Little Things; Dilly-Dolly, by Mary N. Prescott; Work and Play, by J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.; Farming for Boys, XI.; Round the Evening Lamp; Our Letter Box. By Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass. \$2 a year.

An Extraordinary Paper.—The April number of *The American Agriculturist* contains forty-four pages, instead of the standard (thirty-two), and each of the previous three numbers of this, the quarter-century volume, has contained at least forty pages, with a prospect of continuing at this size. Over one hundred and fifty engravings have already appeared in the first one-third of the volume. The present (April) number opens with a splendid head engraving of "Baron of Oxford," one of most valuable animals of the cattle kind in this country, or in the world. Next are four pages of "Hints about work" to be done during the month, in the field, orchard, garden, dairy, etc., giving some hundreds of practical suggestions, especially valuable for the opening spring work. Next are five pages of "Basket matter," or some ninety or more shorter items on various topics of general interest, answers to queries, useful hints from correspondents, etc., including an onslaught upon humbugs. Next (twelve pages of topics pertaining to general field and farm work, animals, buildings, etc., with several engravings, including a full page one of a barn on fire, and hints as to what to be done. Following this the horticultural, or fruit, flower, and garden department, also finely illustrated. The household department, comes next, including an illustrated description of the pork worm, or trichina, and an important article on silver ware, showing the deceptions practised. The youth's department is certainly admirable for the folk folks, and includes a very fine engraving of The Young Runaway, About Shot Making; also a capital puzzle picture of An Enemy in the Camp, and other puzzles and instructive items. The whole number is supplied for 15 cents, and the volume for the year at \$1 50, or four copies for \$5, which will hardly pay for the printing paper used and press work. Every family will find it advantageous to take *The Agriculturist*. The April number is alone worth the whole year's subscription price, while the previous three numbers are scarcely less valuable, and the future eight months promise to be more valuable. Send the subscription price to the publishers, Orange Judd & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, and get the whole volume. A better investment of the money can not well be made.

A sharp shock of an earthquake was recently experienced at Helsean, Ma.

Two Ways of Commencing.

James Horner and Alfred Meredith had been schoolfellows, and though their worldly circumstances were not in unison, remained in after life fast friends. Alfred, coming of age, succeeded to quite a nice property; while a few hundred dollars, the result of rigid economy, was all his friend could call his own. Both young men were anxious to commence business, but their views on the subject were altogether different.

"I tell you, old boy," said Alfred, while discussing the matter, "I must have a handsome store and a large trade; I hate my petty little beginnings, and with my capital I hope to realize a fortune in a short time."

"But I do not believe in these rapidly acquired fortunes," replied James; "I think it a true principle, that what is most easily obtained is least valued. Look, for instance, at Mrs. Shoddy and Lord Petroleum, throwing away their lightly gained thousands without thought or consideration, and with little benefit to themselves or to the community at large. In days gone by, a man was satisfied to commence business in a small way, and when, after years of thrift and industry, he secured an independence, enjoyed it all the more, the result of indefatigable labor and strict economy."

"So you would rather plod along for years, and darken the most enjoyable portion of life, than risk your fortune in a speculation where you saw the last chance of a failure? Such is not my creed. He either fears his fate to much or his desires are small, who fears to put them to the touch, and win or lose them all. That's my idea, James, however indifferently quoted. I had thought of asking you to join your small capital to mine; but, with such opposite feelings, I fear we would not work well together."

"You are right," answered his friend; "your home training and mine are different. I have learned to esteem a dollar at its full value, while to you it has seemed a much smaller amount; so we will each go his own way, none the less friends for this slight difference of opinion."

Shortly after the above conversation, Alfred secured a large store, at an enormous rent, and spent the best part of his capital in fitting it up in a suitable manner. His stock was purchased nearly altogether on time, and, being new to the business, a great part of it was found unsalable, and he was obliged to dispose of it at a sacrifice. Nothing daunted, however, he kept adding to it, daily, and sales being rather brisk, all was smooth sailing for a while.

It could not be expected that a man doing so well would condescend to economize in his private expenditure. A handsome house elegantly furnished, was a necessity; and then his wife could not possibly do without a carriage. Having been to many parties, he was obliged to give some in return; in fact, to use a common phrase, he was living fast, without regard to the future.

In the meantime, his friend found a little place, just suited to his limited means; and he bought for cash, selected with judgment, made quite an appearance. Judicious advertising gained him a tolerable share of custom, and his cheerful deportment and attentive manner to his patrons did the rest. He was gradually laying the foundation of a successful enterprise.

A year passed, James called one day at his friend's store, and found him busily engaged at his desk, and a frown on his brow, and looking worn and disturbed. "Anything the matter, Alfred?" he asked.

"No, nothing in particular; this business is enough to wear a man out. You were wise, James, after all, not to take so much on your shoulders at once. No danger of your getting swamped, eh?"

"If there was, I should throw enough cargo overboard to lighten the ship," was the immediate answer. "I advised you, Alfred, if the clouds are threatening, to take in sail at once."

"What, reduce my expenses? I would not know where to begin," and, recovering his old careless manner, he chatted gaily with his friend.

"Alfred Meredith has failed," said a fellow merchant to James Horner, about six months after—"gone all to smash;" won't pay his creditors twenty cents on the dollar; where the fellow's money went is a mystery to me. He was a friend of yours, Horner; how did it happen—do you know?"

"I can make a shrewd guess; in the first place, he imagined his capital inexhaustible, and that the more recklessly he spent in, the greater return it would make. I remonstrated to him rather strongly about going into business on so extensive a scale. It frightened me from partnership, which was at one time, thought of. Poor Meredith—he did not properly appreciate trifles, I have seen this boy sweep all the waste paper into the street, and he only laughed when I spoke of it. A man, to be successful in trade, must not be above economizing in a small way. The waste, even in a little store, brought me five dollars in six months. But I cannot illustrate the matter better for you than by relating an anecdote I have somewhere read."

"A Scotchman and his wife, coming to this country quite poor, in the course of time amassed a little fortune, and determined to start their only son, John, on a large scale, with the hope of seeing him a millionaire. Instead of becoming rich, which his parents intended him, a neighbor, consoling with the old lady on her misfortune, insinuated that the son did not appear to be as shrewd a man of business as her father."

"Na, na," was her answer; "that is not the fact at all; ye see, when the old man started business, we had a little place front and a little cubby-hole back, that we lived in; we did without such luxuries as sugar and milk in our tea for a whole year. After that we lived better. Sometimes we had a scrap of butter for dinner and a red herring for

breakfast. Before long we found we could afford a beefsteak, and after a great while, a chicken. Now ye see, neighbor John, began with the chicken first."

"You can apply the moral yourself," "I see," said the merchant, laughing. "I fear that too many of our business men, at the present day, are like John, and begin with the chicken first."

Beautiful Religious Thoughts.
For many years previous to 1845, it had been known that the planet Uranus was subject to certain perturbations in its orbit, which could not be accounted for by the attraction of the sun, and of the other planetary bodies. From the nature and amount of these perturbations, Le Verrier, a French mathematician, demonstrated the existence of an undiscovered planet; and so completely did he determine its place in the different heavens, that when Dr. Galle, of the Berlin observatory, pointed his telescope to the place designated by Le Verrier, he not only found the new planet, but found it within one degree of its computed location.

Here, then, we not only have an unknown planet casting the spell of its attraction upon those that are known and seen, and producing thereby its visible effects; but to the eye of reason these mysterious effects become the infallible proofs of the existence and direction of another world, hitherto undiscovered and unknown. So with the human soul and its continued love for the dead. We follow them to the shores of the final river, and they recede from our view. No more do we listen to the music of their friendly voices and behold the light of their smiling countenances. They are hidden from us by the veil of death, as from creation's morning, Neptune had lain hidden from all mortal vision in the depths of immensity.

The mystic veil of mortality blinds the eye, that we cannot see the hovering angel bands. On the shores of eternity.

But though distant and invisible, we feel the spell of their celestial attraction. Yielding hitherto, our hearts are the subjects of tender perturbations, and sighs and tears are the witnesses of the susceptibility of our nature to its distant and silent power.

Now, we argue that the very existence of this continued love of the dead is, in itself, a proof of our continued and immortal existence. For if all souls perished at death, the infinite and all-merciful creator would have no constituted us that the moment a parent, or child, or wife, or husband, was dead, all love for them would cease forever. Has the creator so constituted the human soul that, despite itself, it remembers and still loves objects which have long ceased exist? Has this palpable and tangible existence of God created? Comes this mysterious and powerful attraction, that draws us so sweetly towards the unseen country from the empty void of non-existence? To suppose this, is to impeach the creator of the human heart, and to charge him with trifling with our most holy and tender affections.

While, then, we follow our friends to the river of death, and after they have crossed, wander sadly up and down its banks still bound to them by the chords of a deathless love, every pang we feel when we realize they are gone, every emotion of tenderness that thrills our hearts with its warm immortal glow, every tear that we shed, or sigh that we hear, each and all are but so many proofs in the soul herself that the dead, whose memory we so fondly cherish, still live immortally beyond the grave.—*Mattison's Immortality of the Soul.*

The man or woman who drops into the school-house often, and shows an interest in the pupils, and in their conduct, is a public benefactor. Both teachers and scholars are encouraged to good behavior and to extra efforts. Who does not remember the stimulus to the whole school of a visit from a parent, or other persons? A school visitor two or three times a week, the visitors insisting that no show or change of programme be made, but that all things go on in regular course, will generally be as well as prosperous as the school never visited. No one should leave others to attend to this matter. The public school should be the pet and pride of every one, and occasional hints for improvement, in a kind tone, will be received and kindly acted upon by both teachers and scholars. Speaking evil or disrespectfully of your teacher in the hearing of your children, or those who will repeat the words in their presence, is a lasting injury upon them. Get the best teacher possible, and uphold him or her, so long as employed, for the children's sake. We have known a school deprived of all efficiency by a thoughtless word about the teacher, dropped by a parent in the presence of his child, and repeated by his child to other scholars.—*Clark's School Visitor.*

You must teach spiritual things just as you teach natural things, by bringing the child face to face with the things taught. You cannot teach a child what a lion is by description, except in a vague and unsatisfactory way. Let him see the lion, or at least its picture. So with truthfulness, piety, love, and faith; let him see them in action, or at least in illustration. Let the virtue he should emulate shine out in your own eye, action, word, or show it to him in those of another.

Strike for some noble and commanding usefulness, for an identification with some really valuable and permanent contribution to the welfare of the race. Only God and angels really have leisure to be critics and lookers on. We who are in the trees and press of the great battle have no time to fault finders and satirists of others' performances, but to take heed to make our own calling and election sure.

The smallest toe ever seen. President Johnson's 1-to.

They Won't Trouble You Long.
Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking, such by such gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls, or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house. It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs. O for some children's noise!

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their clamoring and banging the doors? We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child-life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bed-clothes are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?—*Beecher.*

Queer Things About Women.
About women some queer things are said, which only the professedly satirists have the hardihood to publish. Everybody remembers Lang's aphorism that "men want all they can get, and women all they can't get." Start King said in a lecture, that "whenever three women are walking together, two of them are laughing." We have ourselves remarked that of the men and women whom we meet in a fashionable promenade, the latter as a general thing have the more cheerful look. An ill-natured bachelor, to whom we were introduced, said it was owing to their pride of apparel. "A well-dressed woman," said the impudent churl, "is always happy." It has been noticed that invariably fat women envy the lean ones, and the lean ones the fat. A recent writer contributes the following:

"The smaller a lady is, so much the more does she affect sunflower rosettes, enormous bouffants, and extra-sized ornaments. Diminutive ladies invariably admire giant-like gentlemen, and vice versa. Ladies who are admired by their own sex are very seldom viewed in the same light by gentlemen. If you walk up the street with a bouquet in your hand, nine women out of ten will look attentively at it, while not one man out of ten will notice its existence. It is a curious fact that those women who have made the most acquaintances during a long course of years have by far the best memory for faces and names. Although women are supposed to be the talkative sex, it is not less true that in learning a foreign tongue men acquire more readily the faculty in speaking it, while ladies understand it better and sooner when spoken to."

The part which the death-watch, or *onobion*, plays in popular superstition, is well known. The ticking which it makes, in many countries and for many ages, has been deemed to be a sure prognostication of death. At a recent scientific meeting in England a careful observer stated that the beetle produces its characteristic sound by raising itself up on its legs as high as it can, and then striking the head under part of the thorax against the substance on which it is standing; the noise was evidently a call-note from one individual to another, and had been rarely heard without its being immediately answered. He had repeatedly kept an *onobion* in a card pill-box, and if the sound was imitated by tapping any hard material with a pointed pencil, the prisoner would instantly reply. But how many generations must elapse before this simple explanation will displace the old and prevalent superstition!

Said an old man one day: "When I look back over the pilgrimage of an eventful and not uneventful life, I can confidently say that I never did an act of kindness to any human being without finding myself the happier for it afterward. A single friendly act, cheerfully, pleasantly, and promptly done to a fellow creature in trouble or difficulty, bestows the good to him, has before now thrown a streak of sunshine into my heart for the remainder of the day, which I would not have taken a twenty dollar bank note for."

It is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, that makes bread so light that a pound of it only weighs eight ounces.

A Chinese Counterfeit Detector.
The outline of the bill, with various devices to make counterfeiting difficult, is engraved neatly on a solid block of brass in the case of wealthy banks; poor proprietors of banks use hard wood instead of brass. The right hand margin is made an inch or more wider than the left hand margin of the block of brass or wood, for a purpose which will be mentioned shortly. The value of the bill and the day of issue are filled in with the pen, and one or more words to facilitate the detection of a counterfeit. Various stamps, large or small, round or square, or oblong, some of which are very curiously and elaborately engraved, are impressed on different parts of the bill, using red or blue ink. These add very much to the neat and pretty appearance of the note, and are believed usually to have some secret or private mark, and are very difficult to imitate with precision and exactness by counterfeiters.

But perhaps the use which is made of the wide right hand margin furnishes the greatest security against counterfeiting. On this margin are stamped or written various words, phrases, or sentences, before the bill is cut off and trimmed and put into circulation. When everything is ready, these stamped or written sentences or phrases are cut through with a sharp knife, leaving the right hand margin of the bill about the width as the left hand, though it presents a very different appearance. Of course the edge of the right hand margin of the bill and the edge of the paper which was cut off from it will precisely match each other; but, as the sentences have been cut into two parts, part of the words and stamps will be on the bill and part on the slip of paper cut off. These slips are all carefully kept in a book-form, ready for reference, each slip containing the value, date, and private marks of the bill corresponding to it. On the presentation of a bill for payment, if there is the least doubt of its genuineness, reference is made to the corresponding proof-slip, and the banker or his clerks know immediately whether it is genuine or counterfeit. A successful imitation of the written sentences and words, the blue and red stamps, which are found on the right margin of a bank-bill, and which have been cut through on a line parallel with the left-hand margin, it is almost impossible to make so exact, precise, and minute as to fit the preserved proof-slip.

When a new bank is opened, custom demands that the proprietors, the head directors or clerks of the principal neighboring banks, and the principal money go-between who are connected with them, shall be invited to a feast at the expense of the proprietors of the new bank. Generally, after this feast, these neighboring bankers, unless they have especial reason to distrust or be dissatisfied with the new banker, are willing to recognize the new bank and use its bills, according to custom. The bank go-betweens also consider the new bank as now established, and do business with it on the usual terms, as with old banks in good and regular standing.

The bills are made payable on demand. If the holder of bills against a particular bank presents them for payment, he may be paid in cash, or the current bills of other banks, or in silver or gold, according to the current rate of exchange. It is not entirely at the option of the bill-holder what shall be the equivalent given him, but more at the option of the banker, especially in case of an emergency. As a general rule, however, the wishes of the bill-holder are complied with. Cash bills are usually paid in cash.—*Social Life of the Chinese.*

Evils of Gossip.
I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a fellow and a friend were at once estranged by the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated leash, which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mere doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black manevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woeful and most melancholy are the uncalculated tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead-salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent, and punishing them as guilty, if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear. Gossip and slander are man's deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has for his brother's hurt.

Whispering is more dangerous than loud speaking; the latter may instantly call up the rejoinder of truth, if needed; but the former may travel on leaving poison in its track until the truth can overtake it with difficulty.

One of the ancient fathers described woman as a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill. He omitted the better definition—a natural heaven.

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness in this world if each pair of men that secretly laugh at each other were to laugh at each other aloud.

AGRICULTURAL.

Suggestions About Seed-Wheat.

No farmer can reasonably expect to raise a bountiful crop of superior wheat from inferior seed, even if his soil be well adapted to the production of this kind of cereal grain, having been fertilized and cultivated in the most thorough manner. The legitimate tendency of every seed possessing vitality, in the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom, is to produce others like itself; and it is not a common occurrence for animals to beget or for seeds to produce other of their kind transcendently superior to themselves, for it is not practicable for animals or plants to transmit to their offspring excellent characteristics and qualities which they never possessed, and which have not been common to their progenitors.

Excellent wheat may be raised from shrunken kernels of inferior size, by selecting the best grains for seed for several successive seasons. Yet the improvement in grain the first season will be hardly perceptible.

Wheat, as well as Indian corn, will hybridize when different varieties are grown in close proximity; and, though a mongrel grain may yield as many bushels per acre as a pure kind of seed, still such seed will not be so good for producing another crop, as if the grain had not been mixed. For this reason, mixed grain should be rejected for seed, and none sowed except such kinds as have been grown with great care for several successive seasons. That farmer who practices selecting his seed-wheat from year to year, as most people gather their Indian corn which is designed for seed the next season, will always raise more bountiful crops of better grain than he could produce on the same soil, with cultivation equally as good, by using seed that has not been saved with a special reference to a future crop. When a large crop of wheat is all threshed together, the grain of the small, half-ripe heads is by no means suitable for seed. For this reason, many farmers meet with great disappointment in their crops of spring wheat. They sowed poor, half-ripe, shrunken kernels, with the confident expectation that the yield of new grain would most assuredly be of a superior quality.

If seed-wheat is only of a common quality, with many inferior kernels among the grain, before seed-time, the whole of it should be run through a good fanning-mill, having sieves and screens with meshes of suitable size to separate the large kernels from the small ones, as the latter will yield quite as good flour, although such grain is not so good for seed.

The Farmer's Wife.

Is there any position a mother can cover for her daughter more glorious than to be the wife of an honest, independent, happy farmer, in a country like this? To be the wife of one who is looked up to by the neighbors as one whose example may be safely followed—one whose farm is noted far and near as a model of neatness and perfection of cultivation? To be the mistress of a mansion of her own, that may be the envy of every passer by, because it is neat and comfortable—a sweet and lovely cottage home. To be the angel that flits through the garden, bidding the flowers bloom, and twining roses and honey-suckles around the bed-room or sweetening their fragrance with her sweetest smile; or spreading the snowy cloth beneath the old oak at the door to welcome her husband as he returns from his toil; or even tipping the candle with her foot as she pines the dasher with her hand, or busily moves the needle, at the same time humming a joyous song of praise that she is the happy and fondly beloved wife of an American farmer—one of the true noblemen of this free country—one that should by right rank as the pride and glory of America.—*Southern Rural Gentleman.*

Love of Home.
It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin or personal merit a personal matter to boast of. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hard ship endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.—*Daniel Webster.*

If any bees are to be transferred to the new bee-hives, or any change of stands whatever is yet to be made this spring, it should be attended to before the commence work. Loss of bees will be greater as the changes occur near the working season. When moved a mile or more, and the stands are put down not nearer than six feet apart, the loss will be but little at any time. Very good stands are made by laying scantling on the ground, on which to nail boards wide and long enough for the bottom of the hive. A separate roof for each one is best.—*Quincy.*

Land which has been long in culture will be benefited by the application of phosphate of lime; it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, or marl; the land needs lime also.

All highly concentrated animal manure are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged, by admixture with plaster, or pulverized charcoal.

INSURANCE.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY

AGAINST LOSS BY

FIRE

BY INSURING WITH

IRVING TODD,

Insurance Agent,

In Exchange Block, up stairs,

HASTINGS, MINN.

We Say What We Mean,

AND MEAN

WHAT WE SAY.

We are prepared to issue policies of all

descriptions, Life, Fire, and Marine,

upon all classes of property, at short

notice, and upon the best terms. We

offer to the insured the very best

security, and as low rates as any other

responsible company. Call and see us.

Circulars, Calendars, Blotters, and Show

Cards furnished upon application.

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

IRVING TODD.

Are You Insured?

IF NOT,

WHY NOT?

Representing the following first-class

companies:

PHENIX, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$1,006,700.88

LORILLARD, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$1,402,681.12

ARCTIC, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$626,000.00

CONN. MUTUAL LIFE, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$7,225,040.16

GUARDIAN LIFE, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$400,000.00

Life, Fire, and Marine policies written

at the very lowest rates.

The companies I represent are sound

and reliable, with cash assets amounting

to over

Fifteen Million of Dollars.

For particulars call at the agency in

Exchange Block, Second Street.

IRVING TODD.

Hastings, Feb. 1, 1886.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

General Insurance Agency.
 Irving Todd would respectfully inform the public that he represents three fire and two life insurance companies, with cash assets amounting to over fifteen millions of dollars, and is prepared to write life, fire, and marine policies at as low rates as afforded by any other responsible company. Office in Exchange Block, up stairs.

Strange, But True.
 Every young lady and gentleman in the United States can hear something very much to their advantage by return mail, free of charge, by addressing the undersigned. Those having fears of being humbugged will oblige by not noticing this card. All others will please address their obedient servant, THOS. F. CHAPMAN, 40-ly 881 Broadway, New York.

Errors of Youth.
 A gentleman who suffered for years from nervous debility, premature decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will free to all who need it the recipe and directions for mending the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing
 JOHN B. OGDEN,
 40-ly No. 13 Chambers St., New York.

To Consumptives.
 The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, consumption, anxiously makes known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
 To all who desire it, will send a copy of the prescription used, free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and all throat and lung affections. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is the benefit of the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
 Parties wishing the prescription, free by return mail, will please address
 Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
 40-ly Williamsburgh, Kings Co., N. Y.

GROCERIES.
NEW GROCERY HOUSE.
YANZ & BRONSON,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

BROWN STORE,
 Corner of Second and Vermilion Streets,
 HASTINGS, MINN.

A well selected stock of
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, ETC., ETC.
Canned and Dried Fruits,
 Best quality of
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

LOW FOR CASH.
 Hastings, Feb. 5th, 1866. 43-ly

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!
Draper & Ballard,
 HASTINGS, MINN.,
 have received the largest and best selected stock of
 Staple and Fancy Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Liquors, Bitters, Wines and Champagnes.

ever offered to the trade in this part of Minnesota. They want to see you at their store. To the wholesale trade we can offer as good a stock of goods and as good prices as any house in Minnesota.
 To the retail trade can only say, we want to deal fairly and squarely, and will do so. We will not be undersold.
 32-ly DRAPER & BALLARD.

MOORHOUSE & MERRILL,
 Dealers in
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
 Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood, and ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents for Dundas Flour.
 Store on Second Street, next to post office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the city free of charge.
 Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-ly

ENNIS & ROBINSON,
Land Agents,
 and dealers in real estate. Will buy and sell lands, pay taxes, etc., in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri. Improved farms and pine lands for sale. Terms made known upon application, either by letter or at their office in Exchange Block, on Second Street.
 J. A. ENNIS, E. ROBINSON,
 Hastings, Nov. 13, 1865. 31-ly

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!
W. P. Stanley,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, TOYS, AND YANKEE NOTIONS.
 Hastings, Jan. 1, 1866. 32-ly

Irving Todd's
Accident - Drucker.
 Hastings, Feb. 10, 1866. 44-ly

THE CONSERVATOR.

Published every Tuesday Evening at
 HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.
Terms.
 Single copy one year \$2.00
 " six months 1.00
 " three months .50
 Payment invariably in advance.
 Address: THE CONSERVATOR,
 Hastings, Minn.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 1 square 1 week \$1.00 2 squares 3 months \$6.00
 1 " 2 " 1.50 2 " 4 " 8.00
 1 " 3 " 2.00 2 " 5 " 10.00
 1 " 4 " 2.50 2 " 6 " 12.00
 1 " 5 " 3.00 2 " 7 " 14.00
 1 " 6 " 3.50 2 " 8 " 16.00
 1 " 7 " 4.00 2 " 9 " 18.00
 1 " 8 " 4.50 2 " 10 " 20.00
 1 " 9 " 5.00 2 " 11 " 22.00
 1 " 10 " 5.50 2 " 12 " 24.00
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 1 " 44 " 22.50 2 " 46 " 92.00
 1 " 45 " 23.00 2 " 47 " 94.00
 1 " 46 " 23.50 2 " 48 " 96.00
 1 " 47 " 24.00 2 " 49 " 98.00
 1 " 48 " 24.50 2 " 50 " 100.00

Legal advertisements 75 cts. per square first insertion and 37 1/2 cts. each subsequent; attorneys ordering the same their responsibility.
 Special notices 15 cents per line for first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.
 Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.
 All other advertisements not otherwise designated will be continued until they are ordered out, and charged accordingly.

The Printing Press.
 The printing press! there is a mighty power in the flap of its iron wing!
 It finds its way to the peasant's bower
 And the palace of the king.
 It scatters the germs of death or life,
 Like dew-drops, o'er the land;
 And soothes to peace or wakes to strife,
 As with a talismanic wand.
 Rich treasures from mines of mystic lore
 'Mid the nations' wealth it spreads;
 And the tombs of science, sealed of yore,
 To the millions open made.

Making the Most of a Wife.
 In one of our western towns there is a character known as "Joe Babstock," although that is not his baptismal name. The other night a crowd met in the tavern, as usual, and from war and the hard times the conversation turned upon railroad disasters, and what had been realized from them. A number of examples were cited of persons who had laid the foundation of a fortune by money received from railroad companies as the price of broken limbs and lacerated bodies. After a while Joe opened: "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I got a thousand dollars out of a railroad company last week—about twenty years ago—and didn't receive no damage from the smashing up, neither."
 "How was that, Joe?" inquired the landlord; "I don't see how you can make that out."
 "Well," returned Joe, "I had just about one of the laziest and most ordinary wives a poor fellow ever got stuck on. She wasn't worth shucks. She would work till she shivered, and cut off all her sweat. However, the poor critter's come under now, and I don't know as I oughter say anything agin her. Well, about twenty years ago her and me was traveling in a train out West. I was drowsily down in the mouth. Jest as I was tryin' to fix onto some method of raising the wind, suddenly the train was brought up all standin' and the splinters was flyin' in every direction. In two minutes, passengers were laying around loose, groanin' and hollerin' for help, and there was an awful time generally. As luck would have it, neither me nor the old woman was hurt a mite, but, as I looked at her, the idea suddenly occurred to me there was a chance to make something of her. So, says I, 'Deb, you never bin no 'count to me, and I think it is high time you was, I have got a chance to make something out of you now, and I am goin' to do it, and I hope yer won't make no fuss about it, but stand up to the rack and take yer fodder like a woman. Here goes!' and as I spoke I fished her an old sucker plum on the nose, and squashed it as flat as if a cart-wheel had passed over it. 'Now,' says I, 'howl, Deb! But remember, yer 'cived yer damages from a flyin' splinter, and not my lick!' She took my money, and that tick fished us a thousand dollars damages."
 "But," he said, heaving a deep sigh, "was't the use, after all? The money is all gone now, and I'm as dry as ever. Who's goin' to licker?"

People should always be on the lookout for frauds in small things as well as great. An advertisement appeared in a New York paper recently, promising on the receipt of twenty-five cents to send a recipe to keep the wells from freezing. The farmer, anxious for the information, forwarded the money and received the following answer: "Take in your well on cold nights and keep it by the fire."

Two country attorneys, overtaking a wagoner, with two span of horses, and, thinking to be witty at his expense, asked him, "How it happened that his forward horses were so fast, and the rear ones so lean?" The wagoner, knowing them, answered, "That his fore span were lawyers, and the other—clients."

A reverent sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a Quaker, who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by the first of January to the last of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into the study."

Jack wanted a pair of shoes, and coaxed his ship-mate to go shopping with him. Their search for a good store was cut short by a sign, which Jack's friend read as follows: "A-dam Strong shoe maker."
 "That's the place," said Jack.

"Women are all alike," said Jerrold; "when they are maids, they are as mild as milk; once make them wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you."

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

FALL AND WINTER TRADE.
Daniel E. Eyre,
 Dealer in
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
CROCKERY,
WOODEN WARE,
GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS.
Tobacco and Cigars,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

These goods were purchased expressly for this market, and at figures that defy competition. Every thing sold at but one price, and for cash only. Thankful for past patronage, will endeavor to merit a continuance. At the old stand, corner of Ramsey and Second Streets. Call in.
 29-ly Hastings, Oct. 24, 1865. D. E. EYRE.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
CITY DRUG STORE.
J. E. FINCH.
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS,
MEDICINES, and
CHEMICALS,
 Paints,
 Oils,
 Varnishes,
 Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,
 Pure Wines
 and Liquors,
 Trusses,
 Perfumery,
 Fancy Articles,
 And, in fact, every thing that can be found in a first-class drugstore.
 Agent for all the popular patent medicines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. All medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.
 J. E. FINCH.
 Hastings, March 22, 1865. 50-ly

BOHRER, MORRISON, & REEVES,
 Successors to Cooley, Carver & Co.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
 AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 NO. 3 JACKSON STREET,
 ST. PAUL, MINN.

FOR SALE.
 One improved farm in Iver Grove, 13 miles from St. Paul, and 12 miles from Hastings, 60 acres under cultivation, 90 acres fenced, 60 acres of it good oak timber, good house, barn, and water plenty. Also 40 acres of oak timber, and the same town. Farms in each of the following named towns: wild land, Castle Rock, Douglas, Ravenna, Empire City, Marshall, Vermilion, Rosemount, Zurich, Sciota, Waterford, Nininger, Hampton. One improved farm, 240 acres, in Cannon Falls, good buildings, part timber land, 17 miles from Hastings.
 Houses and lots and vacant lots in all parts of the city of Hastings.
 Persons wishing to sell real estate of any kind can have it entered on my real estate register without charge unless a sale is effected. Persons having houses to rent can find good tenants, by leaving the same in my care.
 Particular attention given to Insurance—Life, Fire, Marine, and Accident. Policies written at lowest rates in some of the oldest, best, and most responsible insurance companies in the United States. Intending to transact business honorably, without misrepresentation or deceit, faithfully attending to all the duties entrusted to my care. I hope to merit a share of public patronage.
 C. W. CROSBY,
 Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
 Hastings, March 14, 1866. 48-ly

FOR SALE.
 One improved farm in Iver Grove, 13 miles from St. Paul, and 12 miles from Hastings, 60 acres under cultivation, 90 acres fenced, 60 acres of it good oak timber, good house, barn, and water plenty. Also 40 acres of oak timber, and the same town. Farms in each of the following named towns: wild land, Castle Rock, Douglas, Ravenna, Empire City, Marshall, Vermilion, Rosemount, Zurich, Sciota, Waterford, Nininger, Hampton. One improved farm, 240 acres, in Cannon Falls, good buildings, part timber land, 17 miles from Hastings.
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HARDWARE.

HARDWARE.
M. MC HUGH,
 Dealer in
HARDWARE,
TINWARE,
STOVES, ETC.,
 Corner of Second and Vermilion Streets,
 Hastings, Minnesota,
 has on hand and is constantly receiving a general assortment and a full supply of
 Iron,
 Nails,
 Tinware,
 Glass,
 Sash,
 And Putty.

CUTLERY
 ever before exhibited in this market. These goods have been bought expressly for this trade, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.
 I am also agent for, and have on hand, the celebrated
STEWART COOKING STOVE,
 known to be the best cooking stove manufactured.
 Hastings, May 14, 1865. 5-ly

HARDWARE. HARDWARE.
H. H. Pringle,
 Hastings, Nov. 22, 1865. 33-ly

JOHN THOMAS,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hardware,
STOVES,
CUTLERY,
TIN WARE,
Etc., Etc.
 Hastings, Nov. 13th, 1865. 31-ly

CHAS. W. CROSBY'S REAL ESTATE
Insurance Office,
 Next to Newman's store.
 Farms and farming lands for sale in all parts of Dakota and adjoining counties. One farm of 160 acres, all broke, to sell on same terms for which farms are generally let, to wit: one third of the crops for three years, when a warranty deed will be given.
FOR SALE.
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 Persons wishing to sell real estate

THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME VI.—NO. 2.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1866.

THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD.



TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1866.

Look upon this picture, and then upon this.

We clip from an exchange the following items, in close proximity, showing the remarkable ups and downs of life. Read and ponder:

"Rumor has it that an honest, hard-working, but poor man, who is engaged in selling newspapers in Providence, is \$15,000 better off than he was a few weeks ago, owing to the death of a rich relative in England."

"It is stated that a Philadelphian, who, a few years ago, had a revenue of \$20,000 per annum, and cut a large splurge among the bon ton of the city, is now an attendant in an eating saloon in New York, on a salary of a few dollars per week."

M. Blot says that in France the greatest compliment that can be paid to a female is to have the saucers at dinner the color of her hair.—*Lucy*

We have dined at tables before now where the tables were undoubtedly colored in compliment of the cook, as a change in that important domestic invariably produced a corresponding shade in the courses served up to the guests. The coloring was perfect, being done with the hair itself. We hope this custom will not prevail to any great extent in Hastings.

The U. S. district court at Milwaukee, on the 17th, rendered a decision in accordance with the action of the U. S. supreme court in relation to the Chamberlain claim. The Minnesota company must now, it is supposed, pay the claim, which involves something over a million of dollars, or give up the road to the St. Paul company, which own the claim. The enforcement of this claim, however, rests with the state court. In regard to the rolling stock in dispute no decision was rendered, the judges disagreeing on this point.

We learn that the jury in case of Altemburg for attempted murder of his father have found a verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner is discharged. We fail to see any superiority of a Washington County jury over old Dakota. This sympathy matter is a winning card in Minnesota.

Sheet Music.
We have received from Root & Cady, 67 Washington Street, Chicago, a comical song and chorus, entitled Andy Voto, very popular among friends of the administration. Also Little of the Snowstorm, a temperance song and chorus. Send for a catalogue.

A bale of cotton opened at a mill in Lockport, a few days since, was found to contain, besides the cotton, three used-up flat-irons, a ploughshare, and other worthless trash, in all weighing about fifty pounds. Wooden nutmegs are no comparison with such operations.

The land office at Minneapolis is to be removed to Greenleaf, Meeker County, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be perfected. This will be a great accommodation to parties seeking homes in that vicinity.

Henry A. Smyth has been appointed collector of the port of New York, and John Alston to the same office in Chicago.

The celebrated violinist, Ole Bornemann Bull, died in Quebec on the 10th inst., aged fifty-six years.

Miscellaneous Items.

Jay K. Loucks, of Hastings, has rented the warehouse at Glenmont, and will do a general forwarding and commission business.—*Hudson Star and Times.*

Barnum, the showman, is putting up his monument in the Bridgeport (Conn.) cemetery. It will be twenty-five feet high, contain sixty-five tons of granite, and cost \$6,000. Barnum believes in taking time by the forelock.

Alloys, in which the preponderating metal is the worse conductor of heat, present the curious result that they conduct heat as if they did not contain a particle of better conductor; the conducting power of such alloys being the same as if the bar used in the experiment was entirely composed of the worse conducting metal.

Judge Ingraham has decided relative to claims of Morris Ketchum & Co. on the New York and New Haven Railroad Co.—as to the latter's responsibility for the fraudulent issue of stock by Robert Schuyler. The decision is judgment for the defendants against the plaintiffs for \$100,076.65, with interest on \$54,834.66 from April 10th, 1866, and costs.

Victor Hugo rises, winter and summer, with the sun. He lights his fire, and makes his coffee; then he writes, reads, or composes until eleven, and during that time no one troubles him in his meditations. At eleven, whatever the temperature may be, he goes out on the terrace of his house, which is on the same level as the room, and makes long ablutions with cold water. Then comes the breakfast hour, devoted to family chat and the reading of newspapers and letters. This meal generally lasts for an hour and a half. Then the poet takes long walks across the island. He works while walking and often stops before the points he specially admires. He is not much given to eating. His table is simply set, given to eating. He goes to bed early, generally before ten o'clock. Pens, ink, and paper are placed on a table near him. Often, in his broken sleep, he jots down the thoughts that cross his mind. Sometimes he writes in the dark and makes hieroglyphics that, in the morning, he alone can decipher.

A terrible fellow was developed in one of the volunteer Canadian guards during the recent Fenian scare. He reported at head quarters, armed with a bludgeon two feet long, and about three inches in diameter at one end, tapering gradually down to the other, until it was small enough to grasp with ease. The heavy end was furnished with six rows of iron spikes, projecting about one and a half inches, and five in a row about one inch apart. The light end of the handle was a mixture of cayenne pepper and salt, in equal proportions. When asked for his plan of operations he replied, "When I meet a Fenian, first the pepper, and then this comb."

Artificial stone for building is now manufactured in New York. It is composed of cheap materials, nine parts of sand and one of lime, which, being properly incorporated together, are subjected by a machine to a strong pressure, and come out blocks of stone in the earth masses of blocks hardened into stone by the pressure of superincumbent strata. The blocks of stone manufactured are about three times as large as a brick, and are hollow in the middle, in such a manner that when laid upon each other the air may circulate freely through the whole interior of the wall. They grow harder the longer they are exposed to the air. Different moulds are employed to shape the blocks for arches, cornices, columns, and various architectural ornaments.

Half the great fires in this and in the most American cities result from defective buildings. Flues are placed where flues should not be; or wood is placed so nearly in contact with them that it gradually becomes heated, dried, charred till it is tinder, when a particularly hot fire is made some cold night, whereby it is ignited, and, before extinguishing, a conflagration is evolved which reduces a block of wood to ashes and destroys property worth a million of dollars. Such is one of a dozen ways in which the earnings of years are given over to quick destruction.—*New York Tribune.*

Ex-Governor Tol, of Ohio, has authorized a friend to say that the use of his name as one of the vice-presidents of the "Johnson National Union Club" (so called) was without his authority or consent. That he gave no authority or license whatever to any one for using his name as vice-president or otherwise of any Johnson club or meeting, and has further expressed himself to the effect that he has no sympathy for any organization of rebels, copperheads, and men of doubtful political character, disturbers of the harmony of our country's saviors.

So strong is the feeling against the Massachusetts liquor law, on the part of Boston hotel keepers, that a recent meeting it was proposed to close all the hotels in Boston, and keep them closed until they are allowed to sell liquor at their bars without fear of molestation from the state constabulary force. The proprietors of several of the largest hotels favored such a movement, but it was not carried.

The largest steer in Indiana—the largest in America—and probably the largest in the world, is now in Shelby County, and is owned by Geo. W. Spurrier. He is six years old, weighs 4,000 pounds, and was purchased on the 26th ult. by Mr. Spurrier for \$1,150! He is undoubtedly the finest animal in America.

Bank checks, with the United States stamp printed in the body of the check, have been introduced into New York, permission being given to proprietors to execute the same. It is proposed to extend the privilege to other documents which require a stamp, thus saving much time and inconvenience.

An imperial ukase, just issued, completes the abolition of serfdom in Russia, begun in 1861. The government over-ruled the local authorities, who are to complete the work of emancipation by the middle of August next.

In boring for an artesian well, near St. Louis, a five-foot vein of coal was struck at a depth of sixty feet, and a bed of superior fire-clay, twenty-eight feet thick, at seventy feet.

From The Toledo Blade.
Mr. Nasby in the Anguish of His Soul Utters a Wall.

CONFESSION OF X. NASBY, (which is in the state of Kentucky.)
April 9, 1866.

I am a little full of usages. Under me burns the fire of rage which is being continually fed with the oil of disappointment. And I will over. The civil rites bill which our Moses put his foot upon, we thought was dead, and we fired great guns, and hung out our flags, which we laid aside in 1860, and made a joyful noise. For we said one unto another, lo! he is a true Moses inasmuch as he is a leader in us out of the wilderness. The civil rites bill was the serpent that bit us, and he listed it, that we might look and live.

Now let us be joyful! For the Ethiopian is delivered into our hands, bound hand and foot. Blessed be Moses.

We will make him grind our corn, but he shall not eat thereof. Blessed be Moses.

We will make him tread out our wheat, but we will muzzle his mouth. Blessed be Moses.

He shall pick our cotton, but the hire he receiveth he shall stick in his eye without injuring the sight thereof. Blessed be Moses.

He shall toil in the sugar mill, but the sugar shall be not sell. Blessed be Moses.

His sweat shall nourish our corn, but he shall not eat thereof. Blessed be Moses.

We will burn his school houses and destroy his spell books, (for shall the nigger be our superior?) and who shall stay our hands. Blessed be Moses.

The school teachers will we tar and feather, and what is the bloo koted niggers to make us asfered? Blessed be Moses.

We looked at the nigger and said ha, ha, the last state of that chattie is worse nor the first, for before we had his labor he was strong and healthy, but he had to take care on him when he was sick and old, and now we kin git his labor without the care. Blessed be Moses.

The abolitionists cast out one devil and garnished the room, but there wuz seven devils more stronger and hungrier which rushed in and pre-empted the premises. Blessed be Moses.

But our song of joy was turned into a wail of anguish. Moses sought to list the serpent, but the serpent list him.

He's on a pole and the bitin north wind is a blowin onto him. He can't get up any higher, because his pole ain't any longer, and he can't get down because he ain't no place to light onto.

He vetoed the bills and congress hez vetoed him—the civil rights bill they passed in a uncivil manner.

Now, bin the nigger hez rights, he's our ekal.

Our ekal is the nigger now, and unless the school houses is burned and the spell books destroyed he will soon be our superior.

We wuz willin to give him the right ur bin said, but alas he kin sue. He kin witness agin us and he kin set his face agin us.

Our wise men makes laws to keep him in his normal speer, but uv wad avail it is.

We kin buy and sell him no more, neither he nor his children.

The men will cleave unto their wives and the wives unto their husbands, and our hand is powerless to separate 'em.

Their children kin no more be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, pocketin joyfully the price thereof.

They hev become sassy and impudent and say, "Go to —, we are not men."

I bade one git off the sidewalk, and he bade me be damned.

I chucked a nearly white one under the chin and smiled unto her and she squawked, and her husband, heaz, the squawk therof, came up and bustid my head, even as a white man wood hev done.

I chastised wum who gave me lip, and he sood me, a Caucasian, for assault and battery, and got a judgment.

Wale, for Moses put out his hand to save us these indignities, but his hand wuz too weak.

We killed Linkin in vain. He faceth he resembles him becuz his initials is the same.

He resembles Jaxon muchly—in that Jaxon had a policy wich he cood carry out, and Moses had a policy wich he can't carry out.

And ez he can't carry out his policy, the people are a carryin it out for him.

Wich they do a holdin at arm's length and holdin their noses.

Moses is a cake half baked—he is hot on one side and cold on tother.

He dasn't let go uv abolitionism, and is asfered to can't us.

He hez bin takin espousal salts and ipec, and one is workin up and the other is workin down.

Where kin we look for comfort? Do we turn to the people? Connecticut answers, "Kor for Hawley," and Noo Hampshire goes abolishin.

Do we turn to the courts? Lo Tancy hez gone to his reward, him who aforetime dealt out domestic justice, and who understood the nacher uv the nigger, and Chase, who is pizen, reigns in his stead.

Raymond is growing weak in the knees, and Doolittle is a broken reed on which to lean.

We are too short at both ends. Shel we go to Brazil!—le! there they put niggers in office.

Mexico holds out her hands to us, but lo there niggers is considered a man.

We hev no escape from the Ethiopean, he is around us and above us and on top uv us.

I see no post of in the distance—no hope in the future.

He! I bin a abolitionist so ez to make the things safe in the next world, I shoold be glad to die and quit this.

For my sole is preagnant with grief, and my hart with woe.

Petroleum V. Nasby, Lait Pastor of the Church of the Noo Dispensation.

The Kokuk (Lowe) Gate City tells us how a copperhead was "sold out" the other day, as follows: "A cop, stepped out to a young man as he approached the polls, and gave him a 'reconstructed' ticket, saying with a fascinating smile, 'you can vote that.' Young man took the ticket and looked at it. It was fixed up in the disguise of a popular with copperheadism since the death of southern confederacy. There was on it an eagle, and Andy Johnson's name, and the names of the reconstructed candidates. 'I seldom vote a straight ticket,' said the young man; 'but I can vote that time for the sake of the marsh's part of it.' He tore off the marsh's name; then the alderman's, then the mayor's, then Andy Johnson's, 'There,' said he, 'I can go the eagle.' The 'reconstructed' quit him in disgust."

A Washington letter to *The Independent* says that the practice of reading speeches in deliberative bodies is recent and bad. Thirty-five years ago Isaac Hill, senator of New Hampshire, ventured to read to the senate a manuscript speech; an innovation which at that time was so striking that he was ridiculed throughout the land. While reading this speech, he suddenly paused, and stood bewildered, as if he had lost his place. His wife, who at directly above him in the gallery, exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Mr. Hill, you have turned over two leaves." Whereupon the confused man gratefully turned back in the proper place, and thanks to Mrs. Hill! How often a man's wife is needed to set him right!

The president, it is now understood upon his own authority, did not design, in issuing his late proclamation officially declaring the war to end in certain states, to restore the writ of *habeas corpus* or to end the supremacy of military law in the states recently in rebellion. In these particulars there is no change, and the only immediate effect of the proclamation is to limit to a year from the date thereof the continuance of the freedom's bureau in the states named. Viewing the matter in this light, and anticipating the time when further legislation will be required, Gen. Howard has made application to Congress for an enlargement of the powers of the bureau under his charge. Whether this is done with the concurrence of the president or otherwise is not manifest.

A few days ago the workmen engaged in excavating for the foundation of a new hotel to be erected on the site of the Mansion House in Charleston, Mass., discovered an Indian canoe upside down, elaborately carved, and completely petrified. From the characters and figures on the sides and bottom of the canoe it probably covers the remains of some renowned Indian chief, and contains original relics placed in the earth over two centuries ago. It is intended to exhume the canoe and its contents in as perfect a condition as possible—making a very valuable curiosity.

The president has approved and signed the deficiency appropriation bill. Among the items are the following: To establish the lighthouse board, to re-establish lights and other aids to navigation discontinued by the enemy on the southern coast, \$100,000; for furnishing the president's house, \$46,000 in addition to \$48,000 for repairing it inside and out; for defraying the expenses incident to the death and burial of Abraham Lincoln, \$50,000; for the purchase of Ford's theatre, the scene of assassination, \$100,000.

The Wisconsin senate, by a vote of eighteen to eleven, has united with the assembly in requesting Mr. Doolittle to resign his seat in the U. S. senate. To which Mr. D. replies, as Daniel Webster once did, that it is the highest impertinence for one set of public servants to set themselves up as a judge of another servant and request him to resign! That wouldn't be an impiet reply if it were not for the fact that the employees feel much as the indignant servants do.

One of the New Hampshire railroads is about to adopt the following ticket system, with a view of insuring a correct return of all fares taken on board the trains. Hereafter a charge of twenty cents extra will be made upon all fares, and the passenger so paying will receive a check from the conductor entitling him to a return of the amount upon its presentation at any ticket-office named upon the check.

A California miner writes from the gold mines of New Granada to a friend in the north, advising him not to start for the mines unless he has at least five hundred dollars to fall back upon, after paying all the necessary expenses of emigration.

Petroleum has been discovered in Cuba.

Miscellaneous Items.
The U. S. House of Representatives has decided the contested election case of Brooks vs. Dodge, in one of the New York districts, in favor of the latter.

The English "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" are advertising "Hymns for use during the cattle plague, with music." They are probably to be sung to "the tune the old cow died of."

The Cairo (Ill.) Democrat asserts that during the violent storm on Tuesday, of last week, a dog belonging to Mr. Norman, near Commerce, Mo., was blown entirely across the Mississippi River.

The New York Evening Post says that a business man in Williamsburg, whose safe has been blown open three times by burglars, now pursues the plan of leaving the key in the lock. He is tired of paying for repairs.

Astronomers have discovered that the moon is crawling nearer to the earth, by about an inch every year. They have also discovered that the day is about one hundredth of a second longer now than it was two thousand years ago.

The American Reporter, published in New York, places Minnesota in the front rank of the western states as to present progress and future prospects. It states that the per cent increase of population in the four states given below, from 1860 to 1865, was in Minnesota 40, Illinois 27, Wisconsin 12, Iowa 11.13.

London must be bewildering enough to drive a stranger crazy. It has thirty-six King streets, thirty-four Charles streets, thirty-two John streets, twenty George streets, twenty-six High streets, twenty-five Queen streets, twenty-four Church streets, eighteen Duke streets, twenty-one New streets, and so on.

One of the most pathetic stories connected with the sinking of the Australian steamer London has just appeared in print. One of the many ladies on board had selected the ship because she was near her confinement. Under the strain of that long agony her child was born, and when the ship went down she was seen holding it above her head, as if striving with true maternal instinct that, though all must die, her babe should die last.

A widow lady of Danville Ky., took an orphan boy to raise, and when he had arrived at the age of eighteen he married her, she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. Last fall the old lady died, being ninety-six years of age, and in seven weeks after the old man married the girl they had raised, he being sixty-four years old and she eighteen.

The Altus Telegraph says: The prospect for an abundant crop of wheat was never better than it is this spring, in this part of Illinois. We have made inquiries of parties from all directions, and have received but one answer: that the young crop never looked better at this season of the year than it does now. The season, although nearly a month later than usual in this latitude, has thus far been very favorable for getting the spring grain into the ground, and preparing the soil for corn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Know Thy Destiny.
MADAME E. F. THORNTON, the great English astrologist, clairvoyant, and psychometrist, who has astonished the scientific classes of the Old World, has now located herself at Hudson, New York. Madame Thornton possesses such wonderful powers of second sight that she is able to impart knowledge of the greatest importance to the single or married of either sex. While in a state of trance she delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychometre, guarantees to produce a life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, together with date of marriage, position in life, leading traits of character, etc. This is no humbug, as thousands of testimonials can attest. She will send, when desired, a certified certificate, or written guarantee, that the picture is what it purports to be. By enclosing a small lock of hair, and stating place of birth, age, disposition, and complexion, and enclosing 50 cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture and the said information by return mail. All communications strictly confidential. Address, in confidence, MADAME E. F. THORNTON, postoffice box 223, Hudson, New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANDREW P. FITCH,

Justice of the Peace,

and conveyancer. Office on Second Street, first door west of Union Block.

Hastings, April 24, 1866. 2-4f

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WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES FORCED to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using *Dr. Seignie's Restaurateur Capillaire*, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the beard and hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entrance satisfaction is not given in every instance the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed, and postpaid, \$1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address: DeBour, Savers, & Co., Chemists, No. 285 River Street, Troy, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States. 2-6m

CHATELAIN'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL, for improving and beautifying the complexion. The most valuable and perfect preparation in use for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes tan, freckles, pimples, blotches, moth patches, sallowness, eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisians as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of an order, by DeBour, Savers, & Co., Chemists, 2-6m 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

FREE TO EVERYBODY.—THE GUIDE to health and beauty, just published. It teaches how to remove tan, freckles, pimples, blotches, moth patches, sallowness, eruptions, and all impurities of the skin; how to enamel the skin, leaving it white and clear as alabaster; how to produce the fullest development of the female form (as practised by the French), causing the bust to grow round and full, and if the form has been lost by padding, laciness, or maternity, restoring it to more than its original fullness, firmness, and beauty. It teaches how to reduce in size the hands and feet; produce corpulence or the reverse; remove superfluous hair; cure cures, bunions, warts, and moles; renew your eye, cure drunkenness, catarrh, dyspepsia, nervous debility, etc., how to fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person you may choose, together with other useful and valuable information. No young lady or gentleman should fail to send their address to the undersigned and receive by return mail a copy of this valuable work in sealed envelope free of charge. Address: DeBour, Savers, & Co., Chemists, 2-6m 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.—JUST published, in sealed envelope. Price 6 cents. A lecture on the nature, treatment, and radical cure of spermatorrhoea, or seminal weakness, involuntary emissions, sexual debility, and impediments to marriage generally; nervousness, consumption, epilepsy, and fits, mental and physical incapacity, resulting from self-abuse, etc. By Robert J. Culverwell, M. D., author of the Green Book, etc.

The world renowned author, in this admirable lecture, clearly proves, from his own experience, that the awful consequences of self-abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bangles, or modes of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically. This lecture will prove a boon to thousands. Sent under seal to any address, in a plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address: DeBour, Savers, & Co., Chemists, 2-6m 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

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The best preparation for the hair ever introduced to the public. It is warranted to restore gray hair to its natural color. Make hair grow on bald heads, where the disease is not hereditary, stop hair from falling off or turning gray, cure all eruptions of the scalp, remove scurf, dandruff, etc., and allay itching. It will cause the hair to become soft, pliable, and luxuriantly glossy. It is elegantly perfumed, and is all that can be desired for a dressing. It does not soil the face, nor stain the slightest branel. It is the most perfect of all hair preparations, and is the only one that acts as a restorer. This preparation contains no sugar of lead or other mineral so deleterious to the head and hair, and of which most of the compounds in the market are made, but is a purely vegetable production. We challenge the world to produce an instance where the hair has failed when used according to directions. It is used and recommended by the clergy and the faculty. The proprietor is aware of the many who have prior to a few years past, but such entire confidence he places in the merits of his restorer that he offers in all cases to refund the money after a thorough trial of two bottles, if it fails to give perfect satisfaction. Mothers, whose children's hair is harsh and wiry, or thin and scant, will find by using the restorer it will immediately improve, thereby laying the foundation for a good head of hair, so desirable after life. A single trial will convince the most sceptical of its merits. Once use it and you will always use it. Call for *Dr. Clark's Excelsior Hair Restorer*, and take no other. Sold by druggists everywhere at \$1.00 per bottle.

Dr. F. B. Clark,

Manchester, New Hampshire.

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Little Trout.

Trestwood-Darenth was not originally an imposing structure, and how and when it acquired the honor of a double name was never satisfactorily ascertained. The title, nevertheless, subsisted, and so did the family and descendants of the first proprietor, until nine generations of Blackacres, expending in succession the excess of their improving means in enlarging the mansion, that building attained at last its present dimensions and somewhat composite appearance, bearing, as it does, the aspect of a pinched palace, to which have been successively added a poor house, a riding-school, and a private lunatic asylum.

To give but a faint idea of the ins and outs, ups and downs, turns and bends of this remarkable residence, would occupy a summer's day. If the inhabitants themselves were sometimes at fault in working their way from one end to the other, strangers had indeed to take heed to their steps. The general difficulties of the place were increased by the fact of no two apartments being on precisely the same level with each other, or with their relative approaches—a want of harmony that had occasioned much more than one mishap through persons failing to remember that they had to ascend two steps in the bedroom, or jump down twice that number to dinner.

Every prudent guest—and guests were numerous under the hospitable roof of the Blackacres—provided himself with a careful plan of the house, in which was marked off every snare and pitfall, with special warnings against seductive entries, which, promising boudoir or billiard-room, landed you in the butler's pantry, or even the coal cellar.

With the external domain of Trestwood-Darenth, we have little or nothing to do. The romance of our story—and a singular one it is—will be confined within the walls. It may, however, be incidentally mentioned that the estate included a finely wooded park, and more than one prosperous farm, whose extent and revenue were equal to those of many a property that exists to the rank of "country people."

Mr. and Mrs. Blackacre, four daughters, and three sons, a governess, and, upon an average, fourteen guests, formed the party that usually assembled at Trestwood-Darenth, and pretty well filled that commodious but intricate mansion. The master of the house strongly objected to sitting down less than twenty to dinner, and, as it frequently chanced that one or more of his children were absent, it was his wont to guard against any diminution of the favorite number by keeping his visiting contingent well up to the mark.

Hence, it would occasionally come to pass that the last-named element overflowed, and, washing Charley Blackacre (the youngest) out of his accustomed chamber, compelled him to take refuge in a room on the ground-floor, opening, in fact, upon the hall, which, partaking of the mingled character of the house at large, was two-thirds library, and one-third chamber, and the remainder what you please. The chamber portion consisted of a camp bed and wadding stand, and, with these, Charley had passed many a contented night, often, inspired perhaps by the sporting implements around him, rising with the dawn, and bringing home a crooked of dancing, crimson-speckled trout for the main course.

It was more than suspected that another motive—nothing less than filial affection—incited Charley to these expeditions. He hated upon his father, firmly believing him to be the wisest sage, the truest patriot, the most sagacious statesman, the most brilliant wit, that ever preferred the privacy of domestic life to the honor and renown that must otherwise have been thrust upon him. It was a sweet, honest faith, and a pleasing. So it is to dissent from anything that has a root so commendable. Truth, however, must be told, and the fact is, that, unless an addition to jokes of the minor kind be an evidence of superior mental endowments, good, kind Mr. Blackacre was not above, if indeed he was equal, to the ordinary run of men.

Charles never missed, nor failed to applaud, his father's jokes. He would as soon have omitted to greet his sovereign at their third annual dinner, as he had taken off his hat to her twice before. The new jests he hailed with bursts of glee, the old he relished with a calm enjoyment, as one might sip and toy with wine of an approved and mellow vintage. And it was for one of these latter, besides for trout, that Charley went a-fishing.

He knew that when Bins the butler ostentatiously placed these fish on the table, with a glance that sufficiently indicated whose skill had provided them, his father would invariably remark:

"Ha, ma'am! more of your kinsmen?" and therewith select the most delicate for Mademoiselle Trautchen Pfalz, the little German governess.

(Linguists will forgive the explanation that "Trautchen," little trout, is a corruption of Trudgen, short, with diminutive added, for Gertrude.)

"Ha, ha, ha! Good, sir, good!" shouted the faithful Charley, with the keen enjoyment of a sportsman who has bagged his "atlatl."

Little Trout was such a very minnow that she might have held the post of governess to "Hop of my Thumb." She had small set features, a cloud of dusky hair, which it was her will to confine within a lurid crimson fillet, forming the frontier line between brow and hair, and imparting a Medea-like expression to the little stern sweet face below. In this fillet was supposed to reside the power she undoubtedly possessed, of

awo-striking her pupils with a single silent turn of the head! Before this movement, passion froze, contumacy ceased, argument became dumb. Mademoiselle was well known to color. When pleased, her blue eyes widened and brightened, as when one turns up a reading lamp. When angry, her pale cheek grew white as alabaster, throwing out the crimson fillet in such relief that it seemed as if all the angry blood in her veins had concentrated in that glowing circle as in a diadem.

As for the look, heretofore described, the master of the house himself had been known to turn pale and shrink before it, the half-born just expiring on his tongue. Charley alone defied it, but he was a youth who knew not the sensation called fear, and hence perhaps it was, that, on crowded occasions, he was, by general consent, voted into the apartment already mentioned, which was, in a moderate, unobtrusive manner, to an ascertained degree, and without prejudice to the possibility of passing very considerable nights there—haunted.

"Here's a pretty business!" said Mr. Blackacre, one morning, coming into his wife's dressing room with an open letter in his hand. "My aunt Maecory will be here to-day."

"To-day? No, dear, Saturday."

"To-morrow? I take it means 'to-day,'" replied her husband, with a dim consciousness that the remark might have taken rank as a joke, had Charley only been present to witness its character. Unfortunately he had gone away that morning on a visit.

"Aunt has had a kick-up with Lady Carruthers. Some bosh about colds," continued Mr. Blackacre, in the informal phraseology not uncommon, I have been told, in the privacy of conjugal discourse. "That fine mix of legs—Moggs—Moggs—what's her name? I take it, has been trouble some again. Always in hot water and—"

"This is about cold!" put in his wife.

Mr. Blackacre frowned, and bit his lip. His wife had snipped off the nascent jest.

"There has been a jolly row" he resumed, gloomily, but controlling himself. "Miss Matilda Moggs complained that she got her tea too late, and cold. Aunt remonstrated with housekeeper. Housekeeper fared up, and set fire to her mistress. General action. Mrs. Maecory withdrew from the field, carrying off her wounded (Moggs), and will be here in the course of the day. Now, where can you put her?"

Mrs. Blackacre pondered. Mrs. Maecory was particular. So was her maid.

"There is literally nothing but the hall-room."

"As well offer her the ball-room," chuckled her husband.

"Even Charley's room is occupied. Somebody must change into the hall-room," said the lady, decidedly.

"Whoever you select for that transformation, my dear," remarked her spouse, "don't let it be my little Popsy." In which appeal he referred to his youngest daughter, whose name (as will have been easily comprehended) was Areminta.

"At this moment entered a stream of young ladies—three—and the governess."

"A volunteer for the Chamber Perilous!" shouted Mr. Blackacre, waving his hand like a standard, and pointing to his youngest daughter, whose name (as will have been easily comprehended) was Areminta.

"They didn't. On the contrary, there ensued a depressing silence of some seconds, after which, one voice, very sweet and decided, remarked quietly:

"I will sleep there."

"You will do no such a thing, ma'am!" replied the master of the house.

"There would be an indelible stain on the courage of my race, were we to be indebted to a young and tender stranger—"

"I am not tender, sir," said Little Trout.

"For a service not one of ourselves had the courage to perform," continued Mr. Blackacre. "Connie, my brave child, you shall sleep below."

Miss Constance responded with a burst of tears.

"I prohibit that," said Little Trout. "You pro— I beg your pardon, ma'am!" said Mr. Blackacre, somewhat loftily.

Mademoiselle Trautchen slowly turned, and looked at him. The blood-red fillet seemed to catch and imprison his eye. Mr. Blackacre winked, blinked, flinched, finally muttered, in a confused manner, that if his wife consented to the—saw no—that sort of thing—here—that is, she—in short, mademoiselle would do as she pleased. Upon this, Little Trout slightly smiled.

Mrs. Blackacre was too happy to avail herself of the voluntary proposal, and lost no time in giving orders that the apartment should be made as comfortable as its composite character permitted. This done, the council broke up, and went to breakfast.

The day passed as merrily as usual. Mrs. Maecory, with plumes just ruffled, arrived in due course, was installed in mademoiselle's pleasant chamber, consoled with, and given tea. As dusk approached, those who were in the secret of the change of rooms fancied that Little Trout's inscrutable face for once exhibited a shade of uneasiness. It was probably nothing more than the casual suggestion of their own repugnance to the task she had undertaken. In her there was really no symptom of vacillation; and, when the hour of retiring arrived, you might have supposed Little Trout was about to accompany a party of friends to some agreeable entertainment, got up for their amusement.

A few friends did accompany her as far as the door. There, for the present, intercourse ceased. Abrupt, yet cordial, leaves were taken, and the escort, separating, repaired to their cheerful rooms above.

Little Trout sent a careless but not invidious glance around the apartment. It exhibited a perfect museum of guns, foils, fishing tackle, hunting, and other whips, bows, both cross and long, cloaks, gloves, hats, and a multitude of those familiar but indescribable articles known as odds and ends.

Twenty ghosts might with ease have lain concealed in such a room, and search being out of the question, the dark paneling and other gloomy objects utterly devouring the light of her chamber-lamp. Little Trout simply looked down, undressed, and went to bed. There she lay for some time, listening to and speculating dreamily upon those singular creaks, cracks, groans, squeaks, and rumbles, by which most venerable mansions inform the silent night that their constitutions are beginning to feel the touch of time. The disturbance was presently increased by the circumstantial statement of a rat, who appeared to be held in great social esteem, giving a pipe, which, after much convivality, ended in a general fight. Hence it was past two before Little Trout's blue eyes consented to slumber.

A cry, a shot!—two shots, in angry succession! Trestwood-Darenth leaped to its feet. Doors banged. Lights flashed. Half-dressed people peeped over the banisters, and coughed in the confusion, and the smoke still went curling up. Little Trout, in her grey dressing gown, looking white as winter, but otherwise unappalled, stood in front of her chamber-door, a pace or two within the hall, grasping in her still extended hand a discharged pistol. The shutters and sash of one of the hall windows were open, admitting the moonlight. Some of the furniture was in confusion, and on the marble floor were drops and patches of blood, clearly showing that the intruders had not escaped scot free.

Mademoiselle's story was soon told. She had been aroused by a low, grating sound at the window of her room. It had a purpose and persistence about it, easily distinguishable from the winnowing noise to which she had been listening before, and, when it suddenly ceased, to be renewed, the next minute, at a more distant window, Little Trout at once concluded that the proper time had arrived for interference.

It was not, however, her intention to disturb the sleeping household. Any indication of watchfulness within would suffice to hinder the attempt. She therefore took a pistol from the wall, charged it hastily from the materials on the table, and, opening her door softly, crept into the hall. She was too late. A tall man with woolen socks drawn over his boots, and a dark lantern in his hand, was crossing the hall towards the butler's pantry and plate closet. A second man, a thick-set, powerful fellow, had just leaped on the floor, and, catching sight of Trautchen, muttered a low exclamation, and made towards her, his comrade turning at the same moment.

As the first man raised his arm, as if to grasp her, Trautchen touched the trigger. There was a guttural cry—a hurrying sound. She knew no more.

Blood marks near the window, upon the very sill, seemed to indicate that the ruffians, wounded and unwounded, had escaped by the way they came, while tramping of differently sized feet on the soft mould led the searchers to conclude that the band repulsed by Little Trout consisted of at least three.

Great were the congratulations, manifold the compliments, lavished on the gallant little lady. Mr. Blackacre was profuse in commendation of the defender of his plate closet, and old General Dacre, a guest in the house, vowed he would present a beautiful case of pistols to the hand that knew so well how to use them. Mrs. Blackacre insisted that a bed should be prepared for mademoiselle in her own dressing-room, there being, of course, every likelihood of a renewal of the attempt before morning.

But this proposal mademoiselle negotiated with an crimson smile, and was allowed to re-occupy her chamber, escorted to the threshold by a company as numerous as, though less elaborately attired, before.

This incident, as may be supposed, created a small excitement, the attempt to rob a house like Trestwood-Darenth, crowded as it was generally known, with guests and servants, appearing audacious in the extreme. No clue, however, was obtained that might lead to the apprehension of the gang, and things resumed their usual course, and things may except the circumstance that Little Trout, who had hitherto been rather respected than loved by the master and mistress, seemed to have taken a sudden leap into the affections of both. There followed a corresponding mollification in the tone and bearing of that independent young lady herself—a change all more engaging since the Duke of Wellington to descend from his bronze Copenhagen to do homage to a passing beauty, as Mademoiselle Pfalz to court the good graces of any living thing.

"Who practices the accordion—sweetly, I must own—at two in the morning?" inquired General Dacre, one day, at breakfast.

"Ay—who is it?" said a chorus of voices.

Mrs. Blackacre had a confused recollection of a sweet melancholy peal of music mingling with her dreams, but could form no idea whence it came, no one then in the house having, so far as she was aware, any skill in the instrument named. It remained a mystery.

Another day or two elapsed, and the house had become singularly bare of guests that poor Mr. Blackacre had to sit down to dinner with a depressing little party of sixteen, when rumors, originating none knew exactly where, began to circulate in reference to unaccountable doings in and about the house. That active individual, who divides with the cat the responsibility of all the mischief of a household—Mr. Nobody—

was engaged in the most extraordinary gambols. Not only was he heard disturbing himself in the dead of night, but lamps were upset, candles burned, provisions stolen, books, and even clothes borrowed by this cool marauder. Cook, housekeeper, and butler were at their wits' end with terror and perplexity; and these had reached their climax, when one morning, after a night's vigil within the walls, the gamekeeper requested an audience of his master, and declared his conviction that some person not belonging to the family or its guests—most probably one of the burglars' gang whose retreat had been cut off—was actually secreted within the mansion.

Tom Ringwood's reasons for arriving at this alarming conclusion were never precisely known. They, at all events, satisfied his master, who, with much discretion, concealing the fact from all except his wife and eldest son, took instant measures with a view to the surprise and detection of the intruder.

It was arranged that on the following day, two policemen, properly disguised, should be introduced into the house, accompanied by an house architect, make such an exhaustive scrutiny of its labyrinthine recesses as should satisfy them the visitor, by whatever means he obtained access, had no habitual hiding-place within the walls, at all events, without the connivance of one or other of the inhabitants.

The investigation, though laborious, produced no fruit beyond a vast amount of dust, and the total dissolution of a republic of spiders, who had flourished in peace and prosperity for at least a century. Sounding of panels, and measuring of walls and floors, revealed nothing more than extreme stability, and an aversion, almost monomaniacal, to level and uniformity. So convinced were these experienced officers that nothing had escaped their search, that they could not forbear congratulating Mr. Blackacre on his prompt adoption of the only effectual course; and so, handing over the mansion to renewed tranquility, took their leave.

On the next morning, Mr. Bins, the butler, presented himself, with pale and anxious looks, and reported that one of the vacant rooms—Mr. Charles's—had all but been "slept in." Nor was this all. The bed-room had actually turned out Mr. Charles's wardrobe on the floor and selected a full shooting suit and a pair of dress boots, had left in their place his own dirty leather-leased high-tops, a pair of rough overalls, and a greasy hat.

All idea of keeping his secret vanished with this new discovery. In justice to his guests, Mr. Blackacre could not prolong his visit in the north in order to be present at the marriage of a near connection. He wrote, however, frequently, condoling his father upon the strange disturbances, and suggesting that inquiry should be made. He seemed rather tickled with the cool audacity of the person who made the foray on his chamber, but promised that he would instantly return and assist in unearthing the foe.

The latter passage being quoted to mademoiselle, that warrior-maid smiled in a superior manner, and declared her intention of taking her permanent night-quarters in the Chamber Perilous, as holding out the chance of another encounter with the marauder, who, mademoiselle flattered herself, had already had reason to respect her are was such influence had the lady, by dint of her combined pluck and sweetness, gained by this time over the heads of the family, that neither of them thought of opposing her intention.

"Time was," observed Mr. Blackacre to his wife, when they were alone, "when I did not half like that little governess of yours. Of late, it really seems as if one could get on without her. So gently, so self-denying, so considerate. What a creature it is! Talk of Joans of Aro! Bosh! Tell me of Maids of Saragossa! Bah!"

"Her touch on the piano," began his wife.

"Her touch on the trigger," chuckled Mr. Blackacre. And he sighed, for his wife did not laugh, and he missed the cherry rejoinder; "Ha, ha, ha! Good, sir—good!"

"I don't know how it is, my dear," resumed the poor gentleman. "Perhaps it's the worry of this thing; but I fear I am growing dull and slow. My memory—well, if you like it—somewhat fails me. I find myself less quick, less happy in retort, than formerly. The table does not roar when I have a party to expect. I. Perhaps, when Charley returns, I shall pick up again. His wit seems the touch-stone, as it were, of mine."

"I think, my love, there is one who fully appreciates everything you say, mademoiselle. She rarely laughs; but I have often noticed her eyes twinkle and her lip curl at any clever remark of yours, just like dear Charley's," said Mrs. Blackacre.

"No; but have you?" cried her husband, brightening visibly. "She's a nice, good girl, as good as she is brave, and clever as she is good. And I—I wish—well, no matter."

"What do you wish, my dear?"

Her husband looked at her, but did not reply.

Mr. Blackacre smiled mysteriously. "Shall I tell you a little secret, Henry? Do you know that I think—I rather think—now, don't be vexed, my love—we can't help these things—that there has been, there was, in short there is, a little predilection, in a quarter that should be nameless, in favor of a party I will not mention."

"I have not the slightest doubt of such a phenomenon existing, my dear," said Mr. Blackacre, laughing. "But where?"

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Mademoiselle Trautchen was sitting in the schoolroom alone. If she were engaged in correcting the exercise of her youngest pupil it was a curious process enough, for the slate was covered with large "Charleys," and little else. A soft tread startled her from her reverie; a soft, matronly arm encircled her neck; and a voice, soft as either, whispered these two words:

"My daughter!"

Trautchen was weeping in her friend's arms.

There was an alarm cry that evening. Where was Little Trout? Dinner, ten, the evening, passed without her. All her walking attire—hats, boots, parasol—the very crimson fillet, that so rarely left her brow—were found in her apartment. No trace of herself was to be discovered in the house, and no one had seen her without. A terrible surmise was started. Was it impossible that the brave but unfortunate young lady had encountered the concealed burglar, who had overpowered; perhaps murdered her, and dragged the body to his lurking place?

The search, this time, was joined in with almost frantic zeal by every member of the household. Not a cranny was left unvisited. All, however, was in vain. No clue was to be obtained to the enigma; and, wearied with their exertions, and a prey to the most appalling apprehensions, Mr. and Mrs. Blackacre at length dismissed every one, and sat down to rest and consult, in an apartment rarely visited on the upper floor.

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"He's sharp and bold enough," observed his wife, "but as to his honesty—?"

"Set a thief to catch a thief," quoted Mr. Blackacre, with a mournful chuckle. "Ha, ha, ha! Good, sir, go—"

shouted a strange, muffled voice, that seemed at once near and distant, and broke off with a gurgle, as if the speaker's mouth had been stopped by a hand.

Mr. Blackacre bounded from his chair, and again fell back into it. Well he might; for, high up in the wall, a brickwork and all-swing outward without the slightest noise, and revealed a recess, apparently of some size, and to which light seemed to be conveyed from the roof. A small flight of velvet colored steps was let down in the same soundless manner, and by these descended Charley Blackacre, conducting, clad in a bridal dress and wreath, Little Trout.

"My wife, sir," said Charley, with a favorite's confident air, but not without feeling, "I am a bad, ungrateful fellow, and have not a word to say for myself. I have been married three months, my dearest father, and never had the courage to risk the affection I value as much as my life, by confessing an act you might not approve, until my darling herself had won her way into your heart. That we feared, might be a process too long for our patience, so we plotted a little alarm, though not by any means to the extent that happened."

"In my pretended forcible entrance—in which I was abetted by Halsey Young—I cut my hand severely, that my wife, after repulsing us in the gallant manner we had pre-arranged, implored me to remain and declare the whole folly. I could not make up my mind to that, so adopted a middle course, and concealed myself in the house under my wife's protection, until my hurt was cured, and our great end obtained. How I discovered that hiding place I will explain at greater leisure. How often I have been nearly detected, how very short of provisions my wife kept me, how she cut off my cigars without mercy, and how she herself all but compromised the whole thing by insisting upon trying her accordion at two in the morning—also, how I managed my correspondence from Cousin William's—these also you shall learn at my pleasure. Forgive us both, my dear father and mother—fools as we have been to mistrust you—and take this new child to your kind hearts."

"I cannot oppose your mother's wishes, sir," said Mr. Blackacre, trying with all his might to look like a rock; that, after such softening, had exhibited a minute fissure. "My dear, you will speak."

"My feelings must ever give way to yours, Henry," said Mrs. Blackacre, burning to embrace them both. Since you command—"

But the stiffness was so translucent, that not one of the party could longer preserve their gravity. There was a roar!

"Well, my dear," said the stern father-in-law, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, "you are the first woman

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"No; but have you?" cried her husband, brightening visibly. "She's a nice, good girl, as good as she is brave, and clever as she is good. And I—I wish—well, no matter."

"What do you wish, my dear?"

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